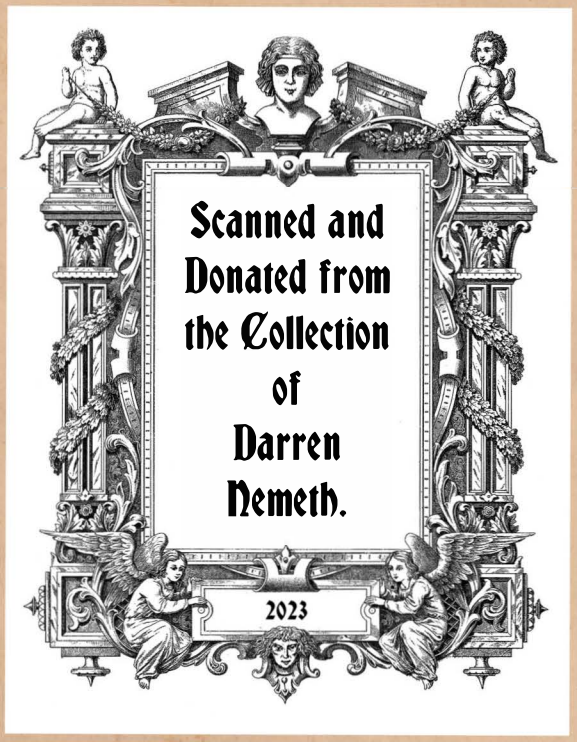
A Trip to the Moon

Estes & Lauriat Boston.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A TRIP TO THE MOON

AND OTHER STORIES

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT
1887

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A TRIP TO THE MOON.

EDDIE TAYLOR is a little boy only three years old. He loves to get up on high places, and is always trying to climb everything he sees. He often falls, and gets some severe bruises, but he forgets that as soon as he finds something else to climb. One day his father had been making some repairs on the top of his house, and left the tall ladder leaning against the roof.

As evening came on, Mr. Taylor missed his little boy, and went in search of him.

He passed into the back-yard and called, "Eddie, Eddie, where are you?"

"I'm up here, papa," said a voice far above his head.

Mr. Taylor looked up, and there his little boy stood, very nearly at the top of the ladder.

The moon had risen high enough to be seen over the ridge-pole of the house, and appeared to rest on the top of the roof, and Eddie had gone up to get it.

"Oh, see the pretty moon on the roof, papa! I almost got it," he cried.

Mr. Taylor did not want the boy to look down at him, for that would make him dizzy. So he said, "Cling to the ladder, Eddie, and look straight at the moon. I am going up with you."

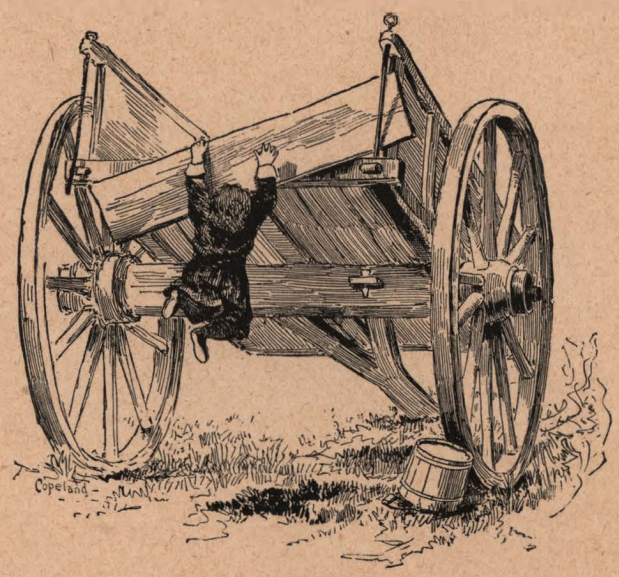
He ran quickly up the ladder, and caught the boy just as he was saying:—

"Oh, see, papa, the moon is falling right over."

His head had become dizzy, and he would have fallen if his father had not caught him just when he did.

"I want that moon for my ball. Such a beautiful ball!" sobbed Eddie, as he was carried into the house.

Mr. Taylor is very careful now, and does not leave any ladders where Eddie can climb them.



A BUFFALO-HUNT.

ONE day Hal saw a buffalo-hunt. Indeed, he was at the hunt; but he did not take part in it.

This is the way it happened. Hal's papa was going from the fort where he lived to another, two hundred miles away. Hal and his mamma went with him. They rode in a covered carriage, called an ambulance.

There was an escort of soldiers with them, to protect them if they should meet any Indians. Their road was called a trail, and it led over the prairie. There were no houses on it except one or two lonely cabins, and they were not near the trail.

There was danger of meeting Indians; so the scouts kept a sharp lookout. The Indians in that part of the country were very fierce and warlike. They fought all the white people they met. Hal did not feel afraid, for he knew the soldiers could drive them away.

It was very delightful to ride over the wide prairie. There were a great many showy flowers. Hal would often get out of the

ambulance and gather his arms full of them. He thought it was great fun at night, when they stopped. The soldiers always cooked their suppers over a fire made in the open air. One night they did not cook any supper, for they did not dare make a fire. The scouts

had seen a party of Indians, away off on their left. They knew the Indians would see the smoke if they made a fire; and, if they saw the smoke, they would come over there to get up a fight.

The day after the scouts had seen the Indians they came riding back as hard as their horses could gallop. Everybody thought the Indians were coming.

When the scouts got near enough they called out, "Buffaloes! Buffaloes!" The soldiers all turned to look in the direction the scouts pointed. They saw a cloud of dust behind a rise in the prairie, and in a few minutes they could see a great herd of buffaloes. They were coming almost directly towards the party.

The buffaloes made such a noise, as they came near, that Hal

was frightened. He was not so frightened but that he watched them all the time. On they came — trot, trot. There were a great many of them. It seemed to Hal there were hundreds. As the buffaloes came near, the men were ready. Bang! bang! went their guns. Over tumbled four or five large buffaloes. Hal's papa would not let the men give chase. He said the buffaloes might lead them farther than they would have time to go. He was afraid, too, that the men might run against some Indians. Another reason was, that he did not think it was right to kill more buffaloes than they could make use of.

The buffaloes had large, bushy heads, and large horns. Hal got out of the ambulance and went up close to one of the dead ones.

He patted it on the head, and was not at all afraid of it, though he thought it looked very wild, even if it was dead.

Hal's papa promised to have two of the horns polished for him, so he could keep them. He said he would keep them always, to remember his first buffalo-hunt by.

THE LARCH TREE.

A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE there grew a beautiful maple tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade.

But when fall came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright!" The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised. that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner.

She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if I do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow like mine!"

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

The good fairy of the park passed by just then and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy?" The larch replied, "I only sighed because the maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said:—

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you forever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his leaves contentedly.

In a few days the bright maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth, and left the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone.

Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed. So they said, "Let us call the larch an 'evergreen'!" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round!

THE BROKEN BOWL.

HOWARD was about ten years old. He was generally a good boy, and he tried to be a brave boy. But he was a coward about one thing. He was not afraid of the dark, nor of being naughty; but he was afraid of being punished. If he did anything wrong, he did not tell of it, but waited to be found out.

He had a big dog, named Nero. Nero was very fond of Howard, and would let no one touch him to harm him. Howard's mother had a very beautiful blue china bowl. It stood in her parlor, on a table. It cost a great deal of money, and she was very fond of it. One day, while she was out, Howard was in the parlor playing with his ball. He should not have been playing there, and he knew it. He thought nothing would happen.

But something did happen. He tossed his ball up, but did not catch it when it fell. The bowl did catch it and was broken in pieces. Howard was so frightened he ran out of the room, without stopping to shut the door. He played in the yard for a little while, and tried to forget, but could not. He knew he ought to tell his

mother as soon as she came home; but he was afraid. He knew she would be displeased and punish him. Pretty soon he went back

into the house. Nero was not with Howard. He liked so much to lie on the soft parlor carpet that when Howard ran out, leaving the door open, he went in and laid down. When Howard's mother came home and found the dog in the room with the pieces of the bowl, of course she thought he had broken it.

"O you bad dog!" she said; "I shall whip you for this!" She went into the hall for a little whip that was there. Howard stood by the door.

"What are you going to do, mamma?" he asked.

"I'm going to whip Nero," she said; "he has broken my bowl."

Howard followed his mother into the parlor. Nero looked very sad when he saw the whip. Then Howard grew very brave, for he could not let Nero be whipped. "Don't, mamma," he said, catching her hand; "Nero did not do it; I did it!"

Howard had to stay all day in his room, and have nothing but bread and water for dinner and tea; but he was very glad he had not let Nero be punished.

THE YOUNG NATURALIST.

LITTLE Edna Hayes is so fond of animals, birds, and insects that her father often calls her his little naturalist.

While her playmates are busy with their dolls she can often be seen wandering alone in the garden or orchard, trying to find some new kind of insect to add to her store. She has a place in one corner of the yard where she keeps her strange little pets, and there she makes little houses for them, and the oddest little beds, and does all she can to make them live.

But there was one time when her love for these little creatures got her into trouble.

It was just at twilight. Edna was standing by the window when she saw something creeping along on the wire screen. She thought it must be a large fly, or perhaps a grasshopper trying to find his grassy nest, that he might go to sleep.

"Poor little thing!" she said. "You must have got lost. I will take you to my house in the yard and give you a bed."

She reached up and took it in her little hand. Alas! what could be the matter? Such screaming and dancing about was really frightful. Mamma hurried to light the gas, the children came running in from their play, and papa hastened in from the yard to see what could be the cause of such an unusual noise.

"He bit me! He bit me!" was all little Edna could say; and this she kept repeating as she tossed her hand wildly about. On searching for it the little creature was found on the floor near the window. It was a wasp.

Edna is still as fond of insects as ever, but she is more careful about taking them in her hands, unless she knows them to be such as are harmless.

ONE OF GUSSIE'S MISHAPS.

"Now be sure and bring Gussie," wrote Aunt Madge, who liked Gussie none the less because she was mischievous. Rumor whispered that auntie herself had been something of a rogue in her youth.

"Be sure and bring Gussie. I have some students in the house just now, but Gussie will not be afraid of them."

"What is students, I wonder?" asked Gussie, in an awe-struck tone. But mamma was talking about something in the letter, and did not hear.

"Anyhow," thought the child, "if they don't hurt Aunt Madge they won't hurt me."

"I am afraid to take you, Gussie," said mamma; "you are certain to get into some mischief."

"I will be so careful, mamma," said Gussie, in such pleading tones that mamma finally consented.

So that afternoon Gussie was dressed in her best dress and new shoes, to her great delight, and went to "auntie's house" with papa and mamma.

Gussie was at first very careful. She went demurely with young Mr. Blake to look at the new kittens all curled up in the hay, and the little white calf.

After tea, however, she forgot herself, and had a frolic with Rover. Rover was a great black Newfoundland dog. Both he and Gussie enjoyed their romp very much.

Katrina, who was washing dishes in the kitchen, suddenly heard a scream from the barn-yard. Dropping her towel she hurried out. Alas, poor Gussie!

In auntie's barn-yard there was a sink-hole. It was not a very deep one, fortunately for Gussie. But it was deep enough to come up to her chin when she stood on her toes.

Katrina pulled her out, sputtering and scolding as she did so. By that time the rest of the household reached the scene.

"She will have to go to bed," said auntie, "and her clothes be put in water. You can send her some clean ones in the morning."

So poor Gussie was sent to bed, when it was still daylight.

Auntie brought a large book of pictures to amuse her, and then went downstairs.

When auntie went to bed that night she looked in to see if Gussie was all right. She found the child sitting up in bed, her cheeks very red, and her eyes full of tears.

"O auntie!" said she, "I was hoping you'd come, I'm so afraid."

"Why, dear child," said auntie, sitting down on the bed and drawing Gussie close to her, "there is nothing to be afraid of. What were you dreaming of?"

Gussie hesitated a moment; then, lifting her head from auntie's shoulder: —

"You told about students in your letter, auntie, — what is students?"

Aunt Madge, to Gussie's surprise, burst out laughing. Then she explained. When Gussie knew that auntie had some young men boarding with her, who went to school, just as Gussie did herself, she laughed too.

Next morning Gussie had her breakfast in bed, for her clothes had not come.

"Just as if I was sick," thought the child, as she nibbled her slice of toast and ate a fresh egg. Gussie was pretty tired of playing invalid before papa came with her clean clothes. He was going a few miles beyond on business, and would stop for Gussie on his way back.

AUTUMN.

WINTER SPORTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES IN CANADA.

CANADA is the place for winter sports. The snow comes in November and stays till March. It is pretty cold, I know, when one cannot go out without danger of freezing his nose or toes. But the people know how to dress for Jack Frost. Blanket coats, knitted caps, furs, mufflers, and mittens! The sleighs here are jolly; great, big ones, some of them are, with such pretty furs, and glorious horses!

The sleigh the little ones like best is a low, long one, almost flat on the ground, with a tandem team. A great many can pile into it. Doesn't the snow scrunch under the runners! The driver's whiskers and your fur ones are soon white with frost. The best fun of all is "tobogganing." You don't even know what a toboggan is, do you? It is a long, flat, thin piece of light wood, curled up at one end for a dash-board. The little ones sit on it Turkish fashion. The one who steers jumps on the end when he starts it, and guides it with his foot.

Some of the toboggans have cushions. All have a rim along the side to "hold on" to. This is called the national sport of

WINTER SPORTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES IN CANADA.

Canada. In other places people snow-shoe, or play La Crosse, or skate and coast; but in Canada the toboggan is king.

Tobogganing is just splendid. But you will find yourself in a snow-bank if you don't steer right, as those in the picture are.

You don't know what fun there is in coasting unless you have flown down the hill on a toboggan.

The best fun is racing on skates or on snow-shoes. The girls in Canada can run on snow-shoes, skate, and steer a toboggan as

well as any boy. Snow-shoes are made of strips of thin wood, laced together in a round shape, as in the picture. You wear moccasons on your feet instead of boots. You put your toes through a strap on the snow-shoe, and tie it from this around your ankle. Deer-hide thongs are used for the net-work. The Indians hunt moose and deer on snow-shoes. The Canadians have clubs, and go on tramps through the country, and have jolly times.

The little ones have carnivals as well as older people. They go to the rink in fancy dresses. The scene is very pretty, and there is plenty of fun. They make famous snow-men, balls, and forts.

AN INDIAN MOVING.

HARRY's papa is an officer in the army, so Harry lives in a fort out on the plains. He sees a great many queer sights.

One day he saw some Indians moving. Indians live in wig wams, and do not have any furniture. They do not move from one wigwam to another. They move wigwam and all from place to

place. They do not have any wagons, so they have to carry their things on the backs of horses.

The Indians rode on horses, with the pappooses on their backs and the half-grown children sitting before or behind them. The

skins and blankets belonging to the wigwams were tied up, and the bundles were fastened to the backs of pack-horses. The lodge-poles were tied to the sides of the horses, so that one end of them dragged on the ground.

The Indians stopped a few hours not a great distance from the fort, so Hal went out with the soldiers to see them. They were

friendly Indians; that is, they were friendly just then. Perhaps the next time they would see them the Indians would be ready to fight about something. Hal thought at first that it would be great fun to live like the Indians; but he soon changed his mind. When he saw still more of them he was very certain he would not like it. He was sure he would not like to sleep among such dirty skins and blankets, or to eat such food as they did.

The moving party Hal went to see were cooking their dinner. They had built fires on the ground. They cooked their meat on

sticks over the fire, and stewed a good many queer things in large earthen pots.

One of the officers told Hal that the Indians were very fond of stewed puppies. Hal did not know whether to believe that or not. The Indians all helped themselves out of the same dish. They seemed to think it quite right to dip their fingers in and fish out the piece they liked best.

Some of the little Indians were almost pretty. There was one came up to Hal and looked him over. He was interested in his clothes. After a while he went away and brought two large feathers for Hal to put in his hat. Hal stuck them in and laughed. The little Indian laughed, too; but they could not talk to each other, for neither could understand what the other said. The Indians stayed near the fort until after dinner; then they moved off toward their new home.

"Come on, Ruth; I choose first swing. Don't stop over that lily-bed as if it were June, and you expected to find lilies-of-the-valley in blossom."

"But I have found something," called Ruth, whose keen eyes were always ready for searching, and quick at finding everything in nature that was beautiful or rare. "Here is something lovely in the lily-bed; and it belongs here, too!" and Ruth held up a lily stem with plump red balls hanging from the very stemlets where snowy bells once swung.

"You're always finding something," said Grace, taking hold of the stem, and eying the pretty balls with wonder.

"Why do you suppose we never saw them before?" asked Ruth.

Grace thought a moment and gave, no doubt, the true answer: "Because we always pick all the lilies. You know then the seeds could not ripen, and these are seed-balls, I should suppose."

"Well, I shall show them to Aunt Louise; you go on to the

swing, and I'll come in a minute;" and the golden locks went flying in the direction of Aunt Louise's "den."

"Yes," said her aunt, "these are seed-cups, or lily-balls if you choose to call them so. Do you remember, Ruth, the 'bird's nest' of wild carrot I showed you one day, and the little gray speckled balls I put in for eggs?"

"Yes, and a milk-weed pod for the birds," laughed Ruth.

"Well, if these gray speckled balls had not been picked quite so soon, they would have turned red, exactly the color of these. They were seed-cups of the Solomon's-seal. Now, people in the same family, you know, often look alike, and plants live in 'families.' So the red balls of the lily-of-the-valley and those of Solomon's-seal have a right to look alike, for they belong to the same family."

"Sisters," said Ruth, laughing. "Keep these for me, please, while I go and swing."

Aunt Louise took down her paints and brush, and soon put

the red balls on a card, and wrote some verses below for Ruth, which she found under her plate at tea-time: —

Hiding away in their leaves of green,
Little red balls I to-day have seen;
Where did I find them — the fairy show —
Little Red Riding Hoods, all in a row?

Not wherebright roses had fallen away;
Not where the Solomon's-seal loves to stray
Not in the woods where the twin-berries glow;
Not where the "wintergreens" make a bright show;

But down in the bed where a sweet perfume
Filled my lily-bells once, in their snowy bloom,
There to-day my balls of coral swung
From the self-same stems where the lilies hung.

And I heard the green leaves, whispering, say,
"Don't take *all* the treasures, in spring, away,
But leave for autumn, if ever so few,
Some pretty red balls where the lilies grew."

MY DEAR ZAY:—Last week two of us went to see a "Child's play" at the theatre. We went in at four P.M., and left at eight; but the play was still running. Each of us had a box. The boxes are in the gallery, and the gallery runs around three sides of the house. It is about four feet wide, and is divided off into squares by pieces of wood laid across at intervals. The floor is covered with matting, and on this we had

to kneel or sit on our feet. The lower part of the house was filled. The people packed in thickly, all sitting on the floor. From the absence of crying you might think the babies were left at home; but this was not the case, for,

looking around, I saw very many,— from wee, tiny things, a few weeks old, up to all ages. No crying; all smiling. When the

curtain is down they eat sweetmeats; and the little things, scarcely able to toddle, get up on the stage, and then a race ensues. So they go on, shouting, mildly romping, until the signal is given, and all quiet down to order and attention.

The play was a strange one; the doings of a top, of many tops, of all sizes. They spun in cups of water, on the surface, and whirled the water all over the stage. They went up and down a cord; they travelled up inclines, rang bells, prayed in temples, disappeared in a tank of water, and the performer followed. Then we all watched curiously to see him reappear on the stage. In this we were puzzled; for, after once disappearing under the water, we did not see him again until he came in by the front entrance. He walked down the aisle to the stage, amid the shouts of the spectators.

One large top was set going and then the upper part of the top lifted off. Then followed an umbrella. Three lighted lanterns were hung to it, and a few odd articles. Then the operator drew out a live rooster, which he threw into the air. The bird lighted gracefully on the stage, walked to the front, and bobbed his head in a knowing way. Lastly he took out a lot of live fish, which he threw into a glass globe of water, where they swam around, plainly visible. He wound up by emptying the water on the stage. All these things were taken from a top not larger than a quart-measure. Much of the affair we could not understand; but the rest of the audience did, and seemed to enjoy it all greatly.

FRITZ, THE LITTLE SWINE-HERD.

FRITZ, a pleasant-faced lad of twelve, lives in Trier, on the upper waters of the far-famed "blue Moselle," in Germany. Fritz is a swine-herd. When Dan and May Nesmith, two American children, saw him, he was just coming home at evening with a lively drove of pigs. The boy was playing lively tunes upon a simple shepherd-pipe. His dusty, tired flock knew well that they would soon be able to have a good drink at the town-fountain, nudged and jostled each other for joy, and joined their voices in merry squeals.

Fritz goes a long way into the country with his flock. They start early in the morning. As the boy walks on through the streets the

pigs come forth, each from his master's cabin-home, to join him. He plays his pipe and the grunting herd manifest great delight in each other's society. If any of them hide behind a bush, or stray from the highway, happy-hearted Fritz pipes up a livelier air. Then the frisky creatures, with many odd antics, drop into line again.

All summer long this is Fritz's business. His lunch basket is on his arm, and in it are the hard black bread and harder cheese he loves so well. He lies upon the grass under the trees, and watches his pigs. They can have no greater joy than to roam about in sweet country-places and "root" and rest. Sometimes Fritz cuts pretty things from wood, and sells them to people whom he meets on the way. Dan bought a pipe like the one Fritz plays upon. May has a small wooden box with a pig's head carved upon it, very perfectly done. She puts her three pretty rings in it at night.

Dan gave the merry swine-herd a bright red woollen cap, and if you could have seen how Fritz's face lighted up when the silver coins for pipe and box were dropped into his plump brown hands, you would have thought he had never seen so much money before. He bowed and bowed, and shook his curly head, and capered and danced about to make one laugh till tears came. Now that Dan and May are once more at home they often speak of merry Fritz of Trier, whom they met in a country far away.

HOW NED WAS TAUGHT NOT TO CRY.

When Ned could not have what he wanted he would cry and scream. He was nearly seven years old, quite old enough to know better. One summer evening his father took him to drive. He was very good until, on the way home, he wanted to drive. His father was afraid to let him do so, because the horse was not very steady.

"Do let me," teased Ned.

"Not to-night," said his father.

Ned began to whimper, then cry, then roar. His father tried to stop him, but he only roared the louder. They drove some distance, Ned screaming all the way. His father said nothing, but suddenly he stopped the horse, lifted Ned out, put him on the side of the road, jumped back into the carriage, and drove away.

Ned's surprise was so great that he stopped crying. Did his father really mean to leave him there? He would surely come back; but he did not. Poor Ned wished he had not cried. He wanted to go home, but did not know the way. It began to grow dark. Up in the sky he saw a little star shining. He felt lonely and frightened. He did not want to stay all night at the roadside. At last he heard the noise of wheels. Perhaps his father was coming back.

No, it was another man, in a wagon. He stopped when he saw Ned, jumped out, and came to him.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Ned.

"Why don't you go home?" added the man.

At this Ned burst into tears, and told him all about it. He was

a nice man, for he said, "Get into my wagon, and I will give you a lift."

Ned climbed in, and took a seat beside the man. It was a little strange that he should drive Ned to his home without asking where he lived. It was strange, too, that when the wagon stopped, Ned's father should open the door, as if he expected him, and say, "Thank you, Mr. Smith." But it was not strange that Ned learned a lesson that night, which he never forgot.

Ned did not know until he was a big boy that his father had sent the man to bring him home.

THE PORCUPINE'S QUILLS.

EVERY animal has an instrument of defence. Some have claws, some hoofs, some spurs and beaks, some powerful teeth and stings. The porcupine has something queerer than all these. Its body is covered all over with two sets of quills. One set is long, slender, and curved; the

other, short and straight, very stout, and with sharp points.

Whenever the porcupine is chased by any animal, and finds he cannot get out of the way, he just stops and bristles up all his quills. Then he backs quickly upon the animal, so that the short, sharp quills may stick into the body. If any happen to be a little loose, they stick so fast in the flesh, like an arrow, that they often make a very bad wound. Remember this whenever you come in the way of the porcupine.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S MISTAKE.

"CHARLIE," said Aunt Jennie, "you open the door, if the bell rings, for Bridget is going out." Charlie said he would, and went on playing that he was a newsboy selling papers, until he had nearly sold out. Grandma was his best customer. She always bought a good many, and paid him in kisses, sugar-plums, and mittens, and long knitted reins for his stage-coach, and all sorts of

things that Charlie liked and needed.

At length ting-a-ling-a-ling went the bell. It rang very quick, as though somebody was in a hurry.

"Run, dear," said grandma; "I think it's the music-teacher, come to give auntie her lesson."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and quickly opened the door.

There stood a very little man, with his coat-collar turned up; for it was a cold winter's day. He had a pair of black, shining eyes looking out from under a big fur cap. He wore a great deal of long hair hanging about his face. The little man was an odd-looking figure anybody would have said.

Before he had time to speak Charlie exclaimed:—

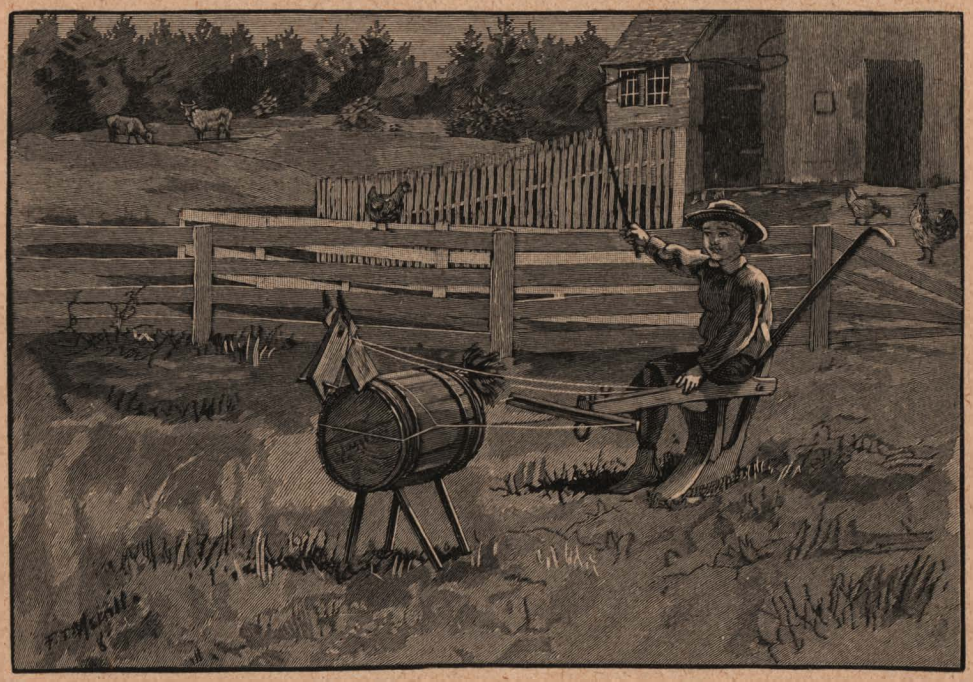
"'Tis!—'tis!" drawing in his breath, and backing away from the door,—"it's a monkey!" And he fled, leaving the little man to take care of himself, and laugh heartily.

Aunt Jennie came down the stairs, and explained that little Charlie was afraid of monkeys, and often fancied he saw one. But the music-teacher soon made friends with him. Now when he rings Charlie does not run away.

MORTON'S HORSE.

THERE lives for two or three months every summer, on a farm, away from any neighbors, a little boy named Morton.

He is a contented little fellow, and knows how to make his own enjoyments, so that he is never lonesome. He thinks his father



is as good as half-a-dozen boys. To do what a grown-up man does is always a great pleasure to a boy of eight.

Morton has his little garden, like his father's big one. He raises corn, peas, and beans. He has his own little workshop, in which he can saw and pound to his heart's content.

He is always ready to drive the cow home, feed the hens, and help take care of the horses. Of course, being a boy, he wanted a horse for his own, that he could harness and drive. As he couldn't get one any other way he thought he would make one.

In the first place he took an old nail-keg and bored four holes, in which he stuck the legs, made of broom-handles. There was the body complete. Now a horse must have a head; so next a piece of a clapboard was nailed on one end of the barrel for the neck, and a piece on the end of that, pointing down, for the head. Two small pieces of leather tacked on for ears, two eyes painted in black, and a tail made of an old feather-duster, made a very good-looking horse.

A horse must have something more than good looks to be of much value to its owner. As he was not a fast horse Morton decided that he must draw the plough. A harness of twine was made, and he was driven out to the field.

He proved to be very steady and patient. He never did anything worse than to lose his head off, and such a good creature

deserved to be well taken care of. Morton made a stall in the corner of the barn, and nailed up an old starch-box for a manger, filling it with oats and hay.

Above it was the little scaffold. It was full, and showed very plainly that the little farmer had a good grass-crop that year.

Every night, when the tired horse was brought in, he was covered with a bright red blanket, and tied in the stall, which had been nicely bedded down for him.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ONE day a farmer who lived away over the ocean in Germany, on the edge of a forest, saw a little robin redbreast fly to the window of his cottage. The bird looked around as if he wanted to be let in. It was a cold day in winter. The farmer opened the window and gladly took the trusting little bird into his dwelling.

It soon began to pick up the crumbs under the table. The children, Hans and Bertha, loved birds, and took care of little Robin. They gave him bread and water through all the winter days. When spring came and the trees began to grow green, Robin was restless in his cage. The kind farmer let him out, and opened the window. Away flew the little guest into the forest, singing a joyous song.

When the days grew cold again and snow covered the ground Robin came back to the cottage. He was not alone this time, but brought his little mate. The children and their father were happy

to see them. The two robins looked out of their bright eyes so pleased that Hans and Bertha cried, "They look at us as if they wanted to say something." Their father said, "If they could speak they would say, 'We trusted you, and you were kind to us. You loved us, and we love you.'"

UNCLE JOHN'S PIPE.

WILLIE BELL'S papa did not smoke, and there were no big brothers in the house to use tobacco. So Willie was six years old before he knew much about it.

At that time his Uncle John came to live with them, and he was a great smoker. He had a long, beautiful pipe, and every evening he would have a smoke from it. Willie admired it greatly. He would watch the smoke as it curled from Uncle John's lips, and he would say, "Just wait till I'm a man, and I'm going to smoke too."

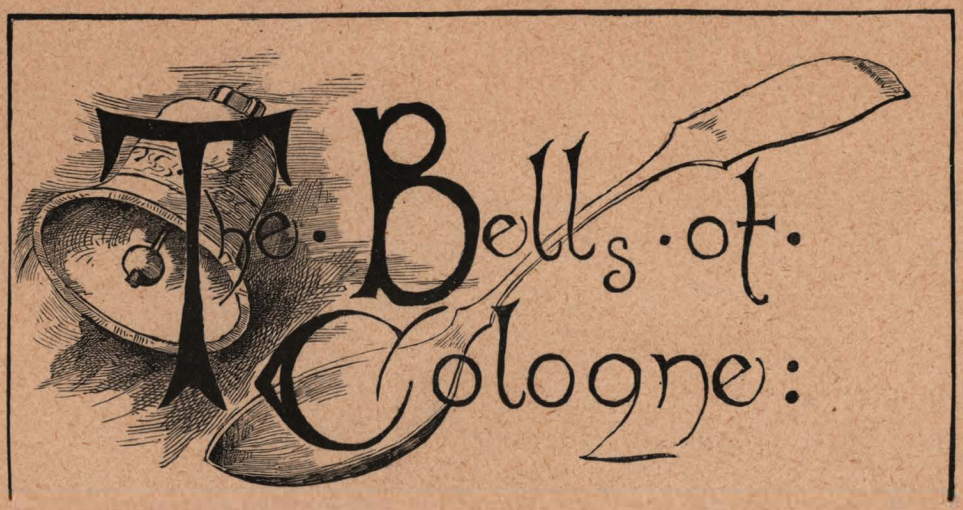
One day his mother went away and left Willie with the house-girl. After playing around awhile he went upstairs, into Uncle John's room. On the mantel lay the pretty pipe. He took it in his hands and looked it over and over. Then he thought he would play that he was smoking, like Uncle John. He put the pipe in his mouth and gave one puff. Oh, what a mean taste! But then Uncle John did not care for that, and Willie thought he must not. He puffed away for some time. Pretty soon he began to have a strange feeling come over him, and he went downstairs.

When his mother came she wondered why Willie did not run to meet her. But she found him on the sofa, so pale and sick that she was very much frightened. She took him in her arms, and bent

over to kiss the pale lips. She started back, and said, "Why, Willie, what have you been doing with tobacco?"

Willie hesitated a moment, and then he told his mother all about his smoke. She told him it was the smoking that made him so sick. For several hours Willie was quite ill. But the next morning he said to his mamma, "I have changed my mind about smoking. I will never, never smoke when I'm a man. I don't see how Uncle John can like anything so mean as tobacco."

After that when Uncle John smoked he had to listen to a little lecture from Willie on using tobacco. In turn he would always laugh at Willie's attempt at smoking.



THE day was very dark. Little Meta was lonely, for her mamma was out. She was wondering what to do, when who should come in but Miss Louise!

Miss Louise was a young German lady, so pleasant and kind that every one loved her. She knew many pretty stories. She had travelled in many countries, and she always had something new or bright to tell children.

"O dear Miss Louise!" cried Meta, running to her, "please amuse me!"

The young lady thought for a moment, and then she said, "Did you ever hear the bells of Cologne?"

"Why, of course not," replied the little girl. "But I have seen a picture of the Cologne Cathedral in my papa's Rhine album. My mamma has some Cologne-water in a big bottle."

Miss Louise laughed. "Wait two minutes," she said. "Be very patient, and when I come back you shall hear the bells of Cologne."

She left the room, and soon returned with a large silver table-spoon. Then she took a piece of cord about a yard long and tied it in the middle in a hard knot, around the slim part of the handle. She turned up the cloth so that the edge of the table was exposed.

She next asked the wondering Meta to hold out her two forefingers; around these she wound the ends of the cord.

"Now put those two fingers in your ears," she said, "and swing the spoon so that the bowl will strike the edge of the table."

Meta obeyed. "Oh, bells! she cried, — "beautiful, deep-sounding church-bells! How wonderful and sweet! O Miss Louise!"

Meta liked it so well that she would have gone on swinging the spoon for an hour, but her friend stopped her after a few moments. Meta ran off to get the Rhine album to show the picture of the Cologne Cathedral. Miss Louise related many curious and interesting things about it, so that the afternoon passed off very quickly. When the young lady went away it was time to get dressed for tea.

"I fear my little girl has had a dull time of it," said her mamma, when she came in from her long drive; "it has been such a gloomy day."

"Oh, no, mamma! Miss Louise came. She's as good — or 'most as good — as sunlight. After tea, if you'll let me, I'll show you and papa what she showed me, — how to hear the bells of Cologne. May I?"

"Certainly, my pet."

But Meta couldn't wait until after tea. When they sat down at the table the sight of the spoons made her so impatient that her papa and mamma thought she had better get it off her mind. So she showed them then, and they were both delighted with the bells of Cologne.

A THREE-MULE COACH.

THREE mules harnessed abreast to a coach. Where do they do it? In some countries of Europe they drive horses and mules in this way. The people of Mexico would laugh to see horses driven in pairs, or one ahead of another, because it is not their custom.

It was in a country called Yucatan that I travelled in this manner. Yucatan is far south of the United States, and is a portion of Mexico. The land is low and flat, like a great, broad table of coral rock. It is very hot there.

Being so hot by day, people travel by night, when it is cool. The roads are dusty, but you don't mind the dust so much at night. I hired a driver, and this coach with three mules, to take me forty miles from the city I was living in, to a hacienda. This is a Spanish word, meaning an estate or farm.

As you may know already, a large part of America was once owned by Indians. The first people who visited them were the Spaniards. They were not willing the Indians should have so much good land, and so they took it away from them. Then the Indians had nothing to do, and the Spaniards set them to work. They worked so hard that nearly all of them died.

Why did the Indians allow them to make slaves of them? Because the white men were stronger than they, and had guns, powder, armor, swords, and cannon. The poor Indians had nothing better than bows and arrows. Little by little the white men from Spain took the best part of America. But they have lost nearly all again, for they are not so strong as they were. They own only two

islands now, in America. These are Cuba and Porto Rico. But, in the countries they once conquered, the people speak Spanish. Even the Indians, most of them, have forgotten their own language, and speak Spanish. This is the reason why we find large estates in Yucatan and Mexico called haciendas, and small farms called ranchos.

The estate I visited was very large. Its owner had forty square miles of land. This was planted with only one kind of plant. For miles and miles you could see nothing else. A great sea of green was spread out on every side.

What do you suppose was so profitable in Yucatan that they planted nothing else? It was not wheat, or barley, or oats, or even corn, though corn will grow there. It was the hemp plant. The soil is so poor that few other things will grow there. But the hemp plant is at home here.

From hemp is taken a fibre from which twine and ropes can be made. This fibre is cleaned, and packed in bales, and sent by steamer to New York. There it is bought by the merchants and sold by them to the rope-makers. Perhaps this very fibre, after

having been twisted into ropes, may visit the land of its birth again. Thus the world is kept moving. We buy of other people what we need, and send them our products in payment.

HOW SALLIE SCOURED THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL.

ONE day grandma said to Sallie, "Dinah's little girl is here. Can't you show her your dolls?"

Sallie was glad to have a little girl to play with.

Pretty soon she came back and said, "Why, grandma, she's black!"

"Well," said grandma, "she's a good little girl."

"But I'm afraid of her," said Sallie, "she's so black."

"But Dinah's black."

"Dinah's a grown-up woman," said Sallie. "I didn't know that little girls were black."

"She is as well-behaved as if she were white," said grandma, "and you can have a nice time playing."

So the two children went to Sallie's room, where the dolls were.

"My name's Sallie; what's yours?" asked the white girl.

"Marionette," said the little black girl.

Then they began to play house; but Sallie suddenly said, "What makes you black?"

"I don't know," said Marionette.

"Won't it come off if you wash it?"

"No," said Marionette.

"Did you ever try soap and sand?" asked Sallie.

"No," said Marionette.

"Then let's try," added Sallie. She brought a basin of water and some soap and sand and began to rub Marionette's hand.

"I guess I'll try your face," she said, after a while.

Marionette was a little afraid in the strange house, and had not dared to cry; but now the soap got into her eyes and the sand into her mouth, and she began to scream with all her might.

"What are those children doing?" said grandma to Dinah; and they both ran upstairs. There was Marionette, crying as loud as she could cry; and there was Sallie, looking as frightened as Marionette, for she had not meant to hurt her. She held the basin in one hand, and the water was running over the floor. The sand was pouring over the edge of

the table, and the kitten was playing with the soap. Grandma told Sallie that Marionette's skin was made black; she could not make it white any more than she could make her own black.

Sallie often laughs about scouring the little black girl; for this is a true story, and Sallie is now a grown-up woman.

Armstrong + Co. Lith. Boston.

BLACK

AND

WHITE VERSION

DARREN NEMETH, 2023

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A TRIP TO THE MOON

AND OTHER STORIES

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT
1887

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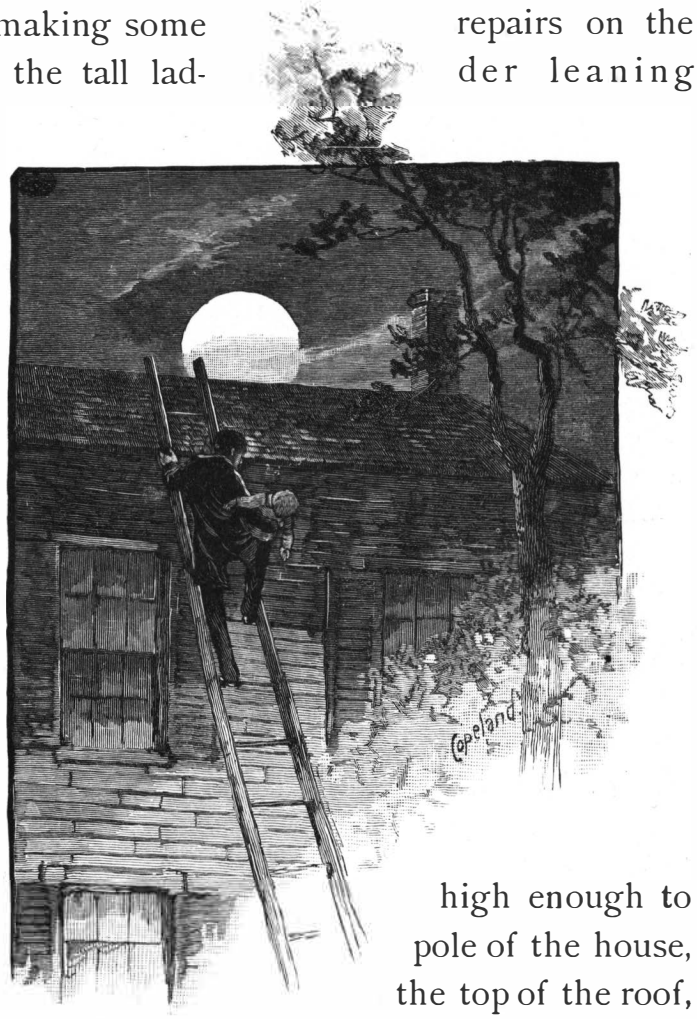
A TRIP TO THE MOON.

EDDIE TAYLOR is a little boy only three years old. He loves to get up on high places, and is always trying to climb everything he sees. He often falls, and gets some severe bruises, but he forgets that as soon as he finds something else to climb. One day his father had been making some repairs on the top of his house, and left the tall ladder leaning against the roof.



As evening came on, Mr. Taylor missed his little boy, and went in search of him.

He passed into the back-yard and called, "Eddie, Eddie, where are you?"

"I'm up here, papa," said a voice far above his head.

Mr. Taylor looked up, and there his little boy stood, very nearly at the top of the ladder.

The moon had risen high enough to be seen over the ridge-pole of the house, and appeared to rest on the top of the roof, and Eddie had gone up to get it.

"Oh, see the pretty moon on the roof, papa! I almost got it," he cried.

Mr. Taylor did not want the boy to look down at him, for that would make him dizzy. So he said, "Cling to the ladder, Eddie, and look straight at the moon. I am going up with you."

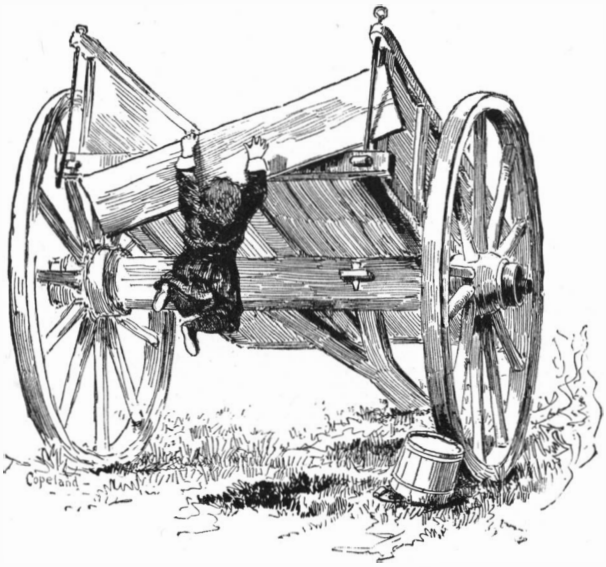
He ran quickly up the ladder, and caught the boy just as he was saying:—

"Oh, see, papa, the moon is falling right over."

His head had become dizzy, and he would have fallen if his father had not caught him just when he did.

"I want that moon for my ball. Such a beautiful ball!" sobbed Eddie, as he was carried into the house.

Mr. Taylor is very careful now, and does not leave any ladders where Eddie can climb them.



A BUFFALO-HUNT.

ONE day Hal saw a buffalo-hunt. Indeed, he was at the hunt; but he did not take part in it.

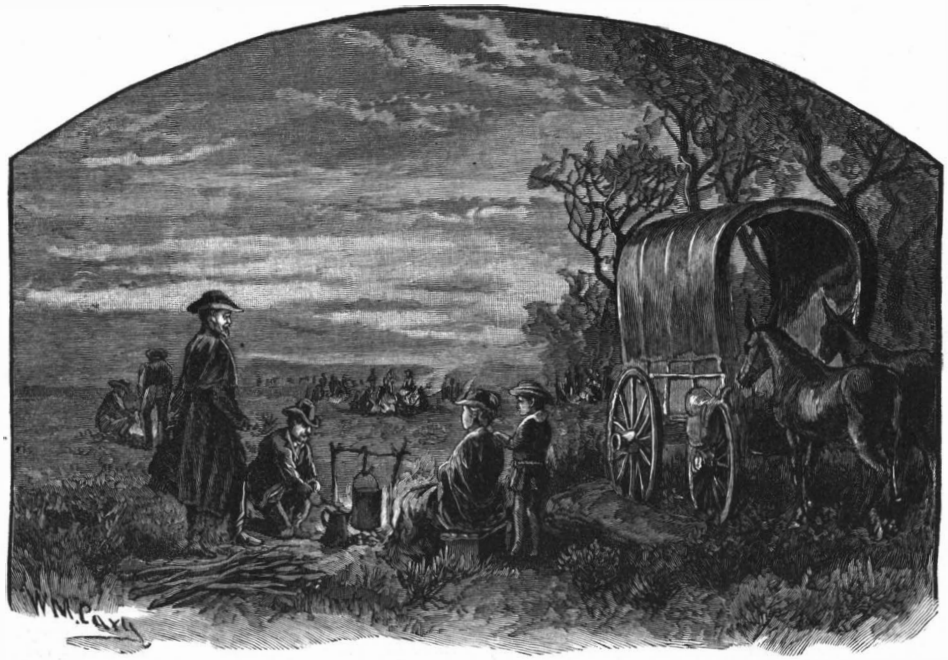
This is the way it happened. Hal's papa was going from the fort where he lived to another, two hundred miles away. Hal and his mamma went with him. They rode in a covered carriage, called an ambulance.

There was an escort of soldiers with them, to protect them if they should meet any Indians. Their road was called a trail, and it led over the prairie. There were no houses on it except one or two lonely cabins, and they were not near the trail.

There was danger of meeting Indians; so the scouts kept a sharp lookout. The Indians in that part of the country were very fierce and warlike. They fought all the white people they met. Hal did not feel afraid, for he knew the soldiers could drive them away.

It was very delightful to ride over the wide prairie. There were a great many showy flowers. Hal would often get out of the

ambulance and gather his arms full of them. He thought it was great fun at night, when they stopped. The soldiers always cooked their suppers over a fire made in the open air. One night they did not cook any supper, for they did not dare make a fire. The scouts



had seen a party of Indians, away off on their left. They knew the Indians would see the smoke if they made a fire; and, if they saw the smoke, they would come over there to get up a fight.

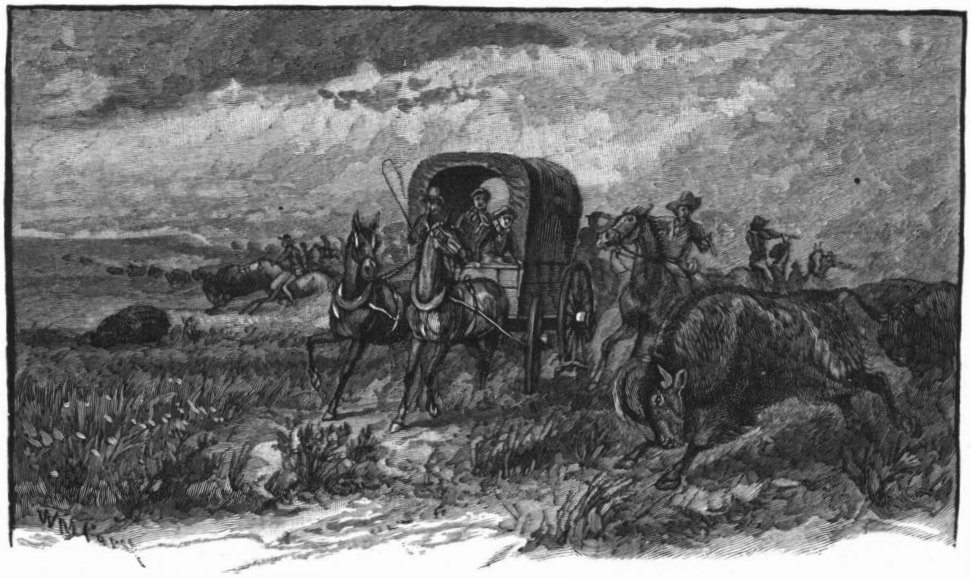
The day after the scouts had seen the Indians they came riding back as hard as their horses could gallop. Everybody thought the Indians were coming.

When the scouts got near enough they called out, "Buffaloes! Buffaloes!" The soldiers all turned to look in the direction the scouts pointed. They saw a cloud of dust behind a rise in the prairie, and in a few minutes they could see a great herd of buffaloes. They were coming almost directly towards the party.

The buffaloes made such a noise, as they came near, that Hal

was frightened. He was not so frightened but that he watched them all the time. On they came — trot, trot. There were a great many of them. It seemed to Hal there were hundreds. As the buffaloes came near, the men were ready. Bang! bang! went their guns. Over tumbled four or five large buffaloes. Hal's papa would not let the men give chase. He said the buffaloes might lead them farther than they would have time to go. He was afraid, too, that the men might run against some Indians. Another reason was, that he did not think it was right to kill more buffaloes than they could make use of.

The buffaloes had large, bushy heads, and large horns. Hal got out of the ambulance and went up close to one of the dead ones.

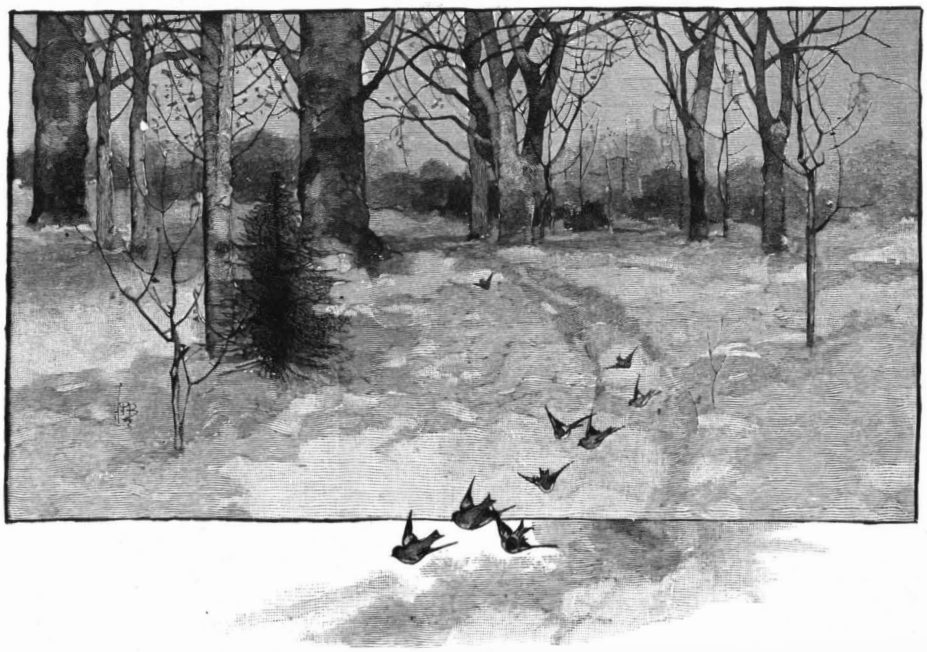


He patted it on the head, and was not at all afraid of it, though he thought it looked very wild, even if it was dead.

Hal's papa promised to have two of the horns polished for him, so he could keep them. He said he would keep them always, to remember his first buffalo-hunt by.

THE LARCH TREE.

A FAIRY TALE.



ONCE there grew a beautiful maple tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade.

But when fall came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright!" The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner.

She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if I do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow like mine!"

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

The good fairy of the park passed by just then and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy?" The larch replied, "I only sighed because the maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said:—

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you forever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his leaves contentedly.

In a few days the bright maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth, and left the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone.

Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed. So they said, "Let us call the larch an 'evergreen'!" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round!

THE BROKEN BOWL.

HOWARD was about ten years old. He was generally a good boy, and he tried to be a brave boy. But he was a coward about one thing. He was not afraid of the dark, nor of being naughty; but he was afraid of being punished. If he did anything wrong, he did not tell of it, but waited to be found out.

He had a big dog, named Nero. Nero was very fond of Howard, and would let no one touch him to harm him. Howard's mother had a very beautiful blue china bowl. It stood in her parlor, on a table. It cost a great deal of money, and she was very fond of it. One day, while she was out, Howard was in the parlor playing with his ball. He should not have been playing there, and he knew it. He thought nothing would happen.

But something did happen. He tossed his ball up, but did not catch it when it fell. The bowl did catch it and was broken in pieces. Howard was so frightened he ran out of the room, without stopping to shut the door. He played in the yard for a little while, and tried to forget, but could not. He knew he ought to tell his

mother as soon as she came home; but he was afraid. He knew she would be displeased and punish him. Pretty soon he went back

into the house. Nero was not with Howard. He liked so much to lie on the soft parlor carpet that when Howard ran out, leaving the door open, he went in and laid down. When Howard's mother came home and found the dog in the room with the pieces of the bowl, of course she thought he had broken it.

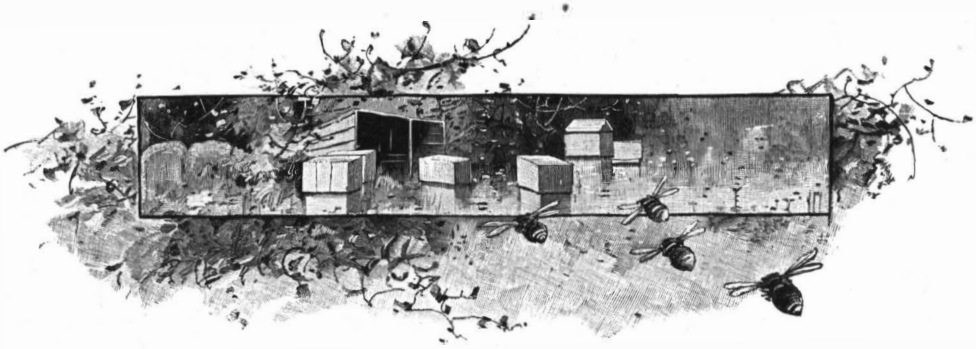
"O you bad dog!" she said; "I shall whip you for this!" She went into the hall for a little whip that was there. Howard stood by the door.

"What are you going to do, mamma?" he asked.

"I'm going to whip Nero," she said; "he has broken my bowl."

Howard followed his mother into the parlor. Nero looked very sad when he saw the whip. Then Howard grew very brave, for he could not let Nero be whipped. "Don't, mamma," he said, catching her hand; "Nero did not do it; I did it!"

Howard had to stay all day in his room, and have nothing but bread and water for dinner and tea; but he was very glad he had not let Nero be punished.



THE YOUNG NATURALIST.

LITTLE Edna Hayes is so fond of animals, birds, and insects that her father often calls her his little naturalist.

While her playmates are busy with their dolls she can often be seen wandering alone in the garden or orchard, trying to find some new kind of insect to add to her store. She has a place in one corner of the yard where she keeps her strange little pets, and there she makes little houses for them, and the oddest little beds, and does all she can to make them live.

But there was one time when her love for these little creatures got her into trouble.

It was just at twilight. Edna was standing by the window when she saw something creeping along on the wire screen. She thought it must be a large fly, or perhaps a grasshopper trying to find his grassy nest, that he might go to sleep.

"Poor little thing!" she said. "You must have got lost. I will take you to my house in the yard and give you a bed."

She reached up and took it in her little hand. Alas! what could be the matter? Such screaming and dancing about was really frightful. Mamma hurried to light the gas, the children came running in from their play, and papa hastened in from the yard to see what could be the cause of such an unusual noise.

"He bit me! He bit me!" was all little Edna could say; and this she kept repeating as she tossed her hand wildly about. On searching for it the little creature was found on the floor near the window. It was a wasp.

Edna is still as fond of insects as ever, but she is more careful about taking them in her hands, unless she knows them to be such as are harmless.

ONE OF GUSSIE'S MISHAPS.

"Now be sure and bring Gussie," wrote Aunt Madge, who liked Gussie none the less because she was mischievous. Rumor whispered that auntie herself had been something of a rogue in her youth.

"Be sure and bring Gussie. I have some students in the house just now, but Gussie will not be afraid of them."

"What is students, I wonder?" asked Gussie, in an awe-struck tone. But mamma was talking about something in the letter, and did not hear.

"Anyhow," thought the child, "if they don't hurt Aunt Madge they won't hurt me."

"I am afraid to take you, Gussie," said mamma; "you are certain to get into some mischief."

"I will be so careful, mamma," said Gussie, in such pleading tones that mamma finally consented.

So that afternoon Gussie was dressed in her best dress and new shoes, to her great delight, and went to "auntie's house" with papa and mamma.

Gussie was at first very careful. She went demurely with young Mr. Blake to look at the new kittens all curled up in the hay, and the little white calf.

After tea, however, she forgot herself, and had a frolic with Rover. Rover was a great black Newfoundland dog. Both he and Gussie enjoyed their romp very much.

Katrina, who was washing dishes in the kitchen, suddenly heard a scream from the barn-yard. Dropping her towel she hurried out. Alas, poor Gussie!

In auntie's barn-yard there was a sink-hole. It was not a very deep one, fortunately for Gussie. But it was deep enough to come up to her chin when she stood on her toes.

Katrina pulled her out, sputtering and scolding as she did so. By that time the rest of the household reached the scene.

"She will have to go to bed," said auntie, "and her clothes be put in water. You can send her some clean ones in the morning."

So poor Gussie was sent to bed, when it was still daylight.

Auntie brought a large book of pictures to amuse her, and then went downstairs.

When auntie went to bed that night she looked in to see if Gussie was all right. She found the child sitting up in bed, her cheeks very red, and her eyes full of tears.

"O auntie!" said she, "I was hoping you'd come, I'm so afraid."

"Why, dear child," said auntie, sitting down on the bed and drawing Gussie close to her, "there is nothing to be afraid of. What were you dreaming of?"

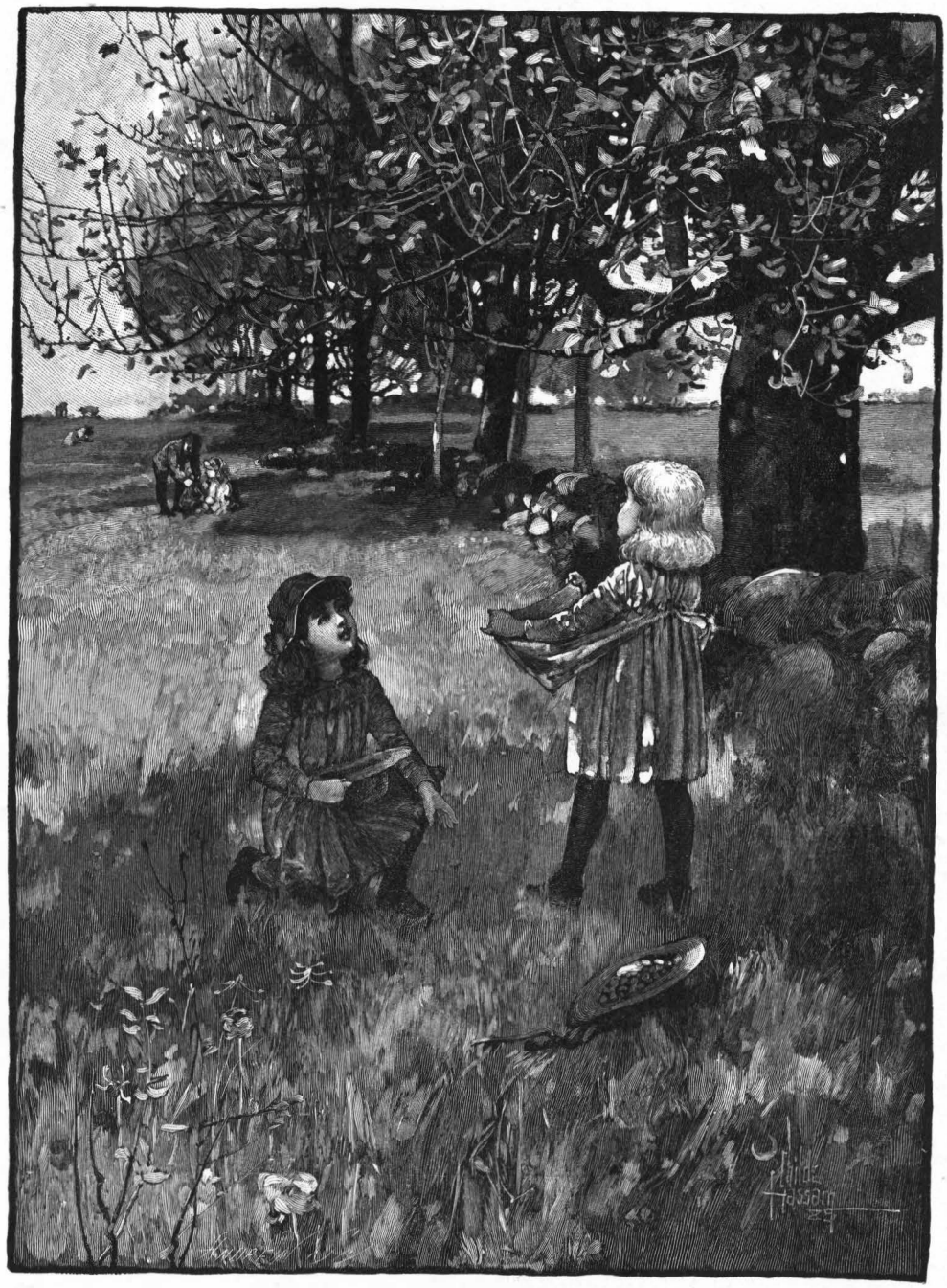
Gussie hesitated a moment; then, lifting her head from auntie's shoulder: —

"You told about students in your letter, auntie, — what is students?"

Aunt Madge, to Gussie's surprise, burst out laughing. Then she explained. When Gussie knew that auntie had some young men boarding with her, who went to school, just as Gussie did herself, she laughed too.

Next morning Gussie had her breakfast in bed, for her clothes had not come.

"Just as if I was sick," thought the child, as she nibbled her slice of toast and ate a fresh egg. Gussie was pretty tired of playing invalid before papa came with her clean clothes. He was going a few miles beyond on business, and would stop for Gussie on his way back.



AUTUMN.

WINTER SPORTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES IN CANADA.

CANADA is the place for winter sports. The snow comes in November and stays till March. It is pretty cold, I know, when one cannot go out without danger of freezing his nose or toes. But the people know how to dress for Jack Frost. Blanket coats, knitted caps, furs, mufflers, and mittens! The sleighs here are jolly; great, big ones, some of them are, with such pretty furs, and glorious horses!

The sleigh the little ones like best is a low, long one, almost flat on the ground, with a tandem team. A great many can pile into it. Doesn't the snow scrunch under the runners! The driver's whiskers and your fur ones are soon white with frost. The best fun of all is "tobogganing." You don't even know what a toboggan is, do you? It is a long, flat, thin piece of light wood, curled up at one end for a dash-board. The little ones sit on it Turkish fashion. The one who steers jumps on the end when he starts it, and guides it with his foot.

Some of the toboggans have cushions. All have a rim along the side to "hold on" to. This is called the national sport of

WINTER SPORTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES IN CANADA.

Canada. In other places people snow-shoe, or play La Crosse, or skate and coast; but in Canada the toboggan is king.

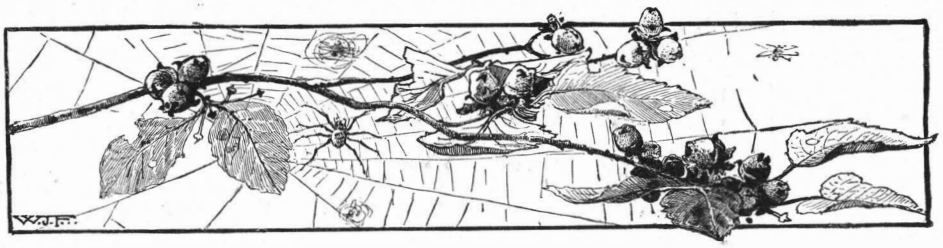
Tobogganing is just splendid. But you will find yourself in a snow-bank if you don't steer right, as those in the picture are.

You don't know what fun there is in coasting unless you have flown down the hill on a toboggan.

The best fun is racing on skates or on snow-shoes. The girls in Canada can run on snow-shoes, skate, and steer a toboggan as

well as any boy. Snow-shoes are made of strips of thin wood, laced together in a round shape, as in the picture. You wear moccasons on your feet instead of boots. You put your toes through a strap on the snow-shoe, and tie it from this around your ankle. Deer-hide thongs are used for the net-work. The Indians hunt moose and deer on snow-shoes. The Canadians have clubs, and go on tramps through the country, and have jolly times.

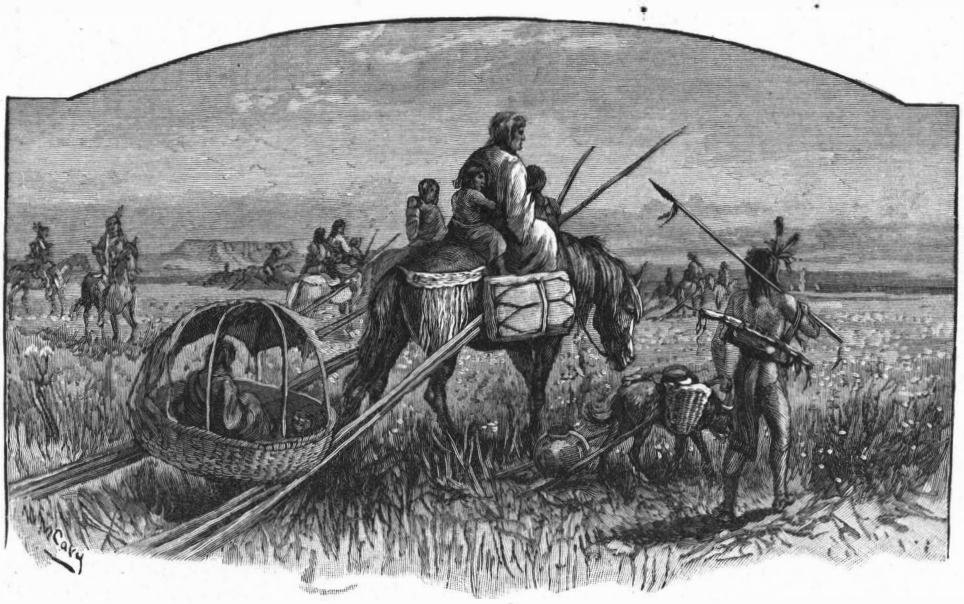
The little ones have carnivals as well as older people. They go to the rink in fancy dresses. The scene is very pretty, and there is plenty of fun. They make famous snow-men, balls, and forts.



AN INDIAN MOVING.

HARRY's papa is an officer in the army, so Harry lives in a fort out on the plains. He sees a great many queer sights.

One day he saw some Indians moving. Indians live in wig wams, and do not have any furniture. They do not move from one wigwam to another. They move wigwam and all from place to



place. They do not have any wagons, so they have to carry their things on the backs of horses.

The Indians rode on horses, with the pappooses on their backs and the half-grown children sitting before or behind them. The

skins and blankets belonging to the wigwams were tied up, and the bundles were fastened to the backs of pack-horses. The lodge-poles were tied to the sides of the horses, so that one end of them dragged on the ground.

The Indians stopped a few hours not a great distance from the fort, so Hal went out with the soldiers to see them. They were

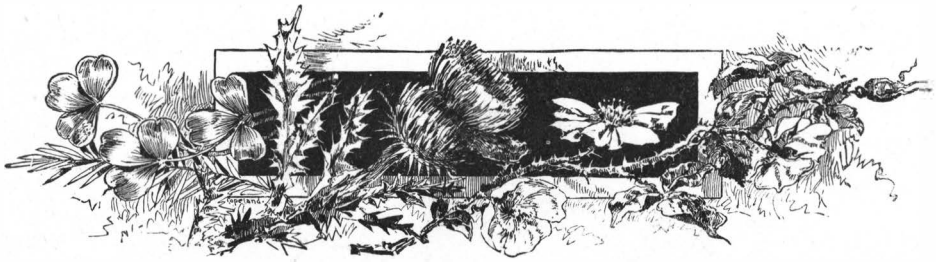
friendly Indians; that is, they were friendly just then. Perhaps the next time they would see them the Indians would be ready to fight about something. Hal thought at first that it would be great fun to live like the Indians; but he soon changed his mind. When he saw still more of them he was very certain he would not like it. He was sure he would not like to sleep among such dirty skins and blankets, or to eat such food as they did.

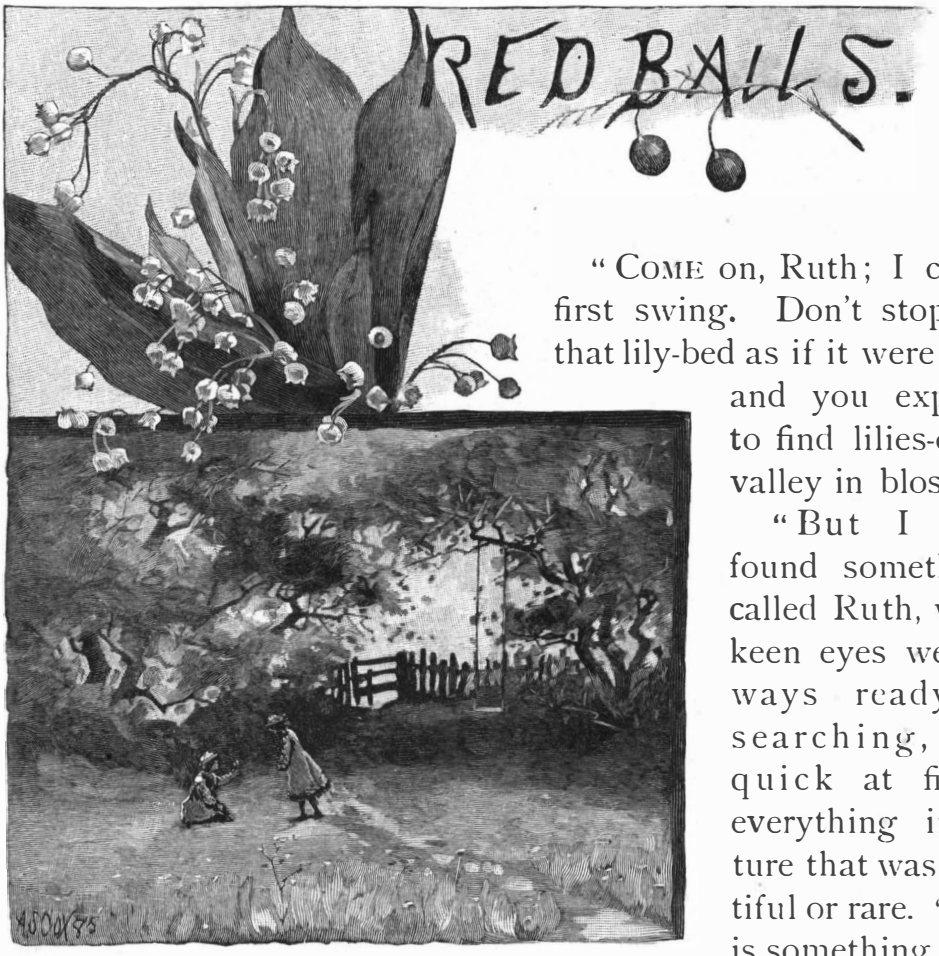
The moving party Hal went to see were cooking their dinner. They had built fires on the ground. They cooked their meat on

sticks over the fire, and stewed a good many queer things in large earthen pots.

One of the officers told Hal that the Indians were very fond of stewed puppies. Hal did not know whether to believe that or not. The Indians all helped themselves out of the same dish. They seemed to think it quite right to dip their fingers in and fish out the piece they liked best.

Some of the little Indians were almost pretty. There was one came up to Hal and looked him over. He was interested in his clothes. After a while he went away and brought two large feathers for Hal to put in his hat. Hal stuck them in and laughed. The little Indian laughed, too; but they could not talk to each other, for neither could understand what the other said. The Indians stayed near the fort until after dinner; then they moved off toward their new home.





"Come on, Ruth; I choose first swing. Don't stop over that lily-bed as if it were June, and you expected to find lilies-of-the-valley in blossom."

"But I have found something," called Ruth, whose keen eyes were always ready for searching, and quick at finding everything in nature that was beautiful or rare. "Here is something lovely in the lily-bed; and it belongs here, too!" and Ruth held up a lily stem with plump red balls hanging from the very stemlets where snowy bells once swung.

"You're always finding something," said Grace, taking hold of the stem, and eying the pretty balls with wonder.

"Why do you suppose we never saw them before?" asked Ruth.

Grace thought a moment and gave, no doubt, the true answer: "Because we always pick all the lilies. You know then the seeds could not ripen, and these are seed-balls, I should suppose."

"Well, I shall show them to Aunt Louise; you go on to the

swing, and I'll come in a minute;" and the golden locks went flying in the direction of Aunt Louise's "den."

"Yes," said her aunt, "these are seed-cups, or lily-balls if you choose to call them so. Do you remember, Ruth, the 'bird's nest' of wild carrot I showed you one day, and the little gray speckled balls I put in for eggs?"

"Yes, and a milk-weed pod for the birds," laughed Ruth.

"Well, if these gray speckled balls had not been picked quite so soon, they would have turned red, exactly the color of these. They were seed-cups of the Solomon's-seal. Now, people in the same family, you know, often look alike, and plants live in 'families.' So the red balls of the lily-of-the-valley and those of Solomon's-seal have a right to look alike, for they belong to the same family."

"Sisters," said Ruth, laughing. "Keep these for me, please, while I go and swing."

Aunt Louise took down her paints and brush, and soon put

the red balls on a card, and wrote some verses below for Ruth, which she found under her plate at tea-time: —

Hiding away in their leaves of green,
Little red balls I to-day have seen;
Where did I find them — the fairy show —
Little Red Riding Hoods, all in a row?

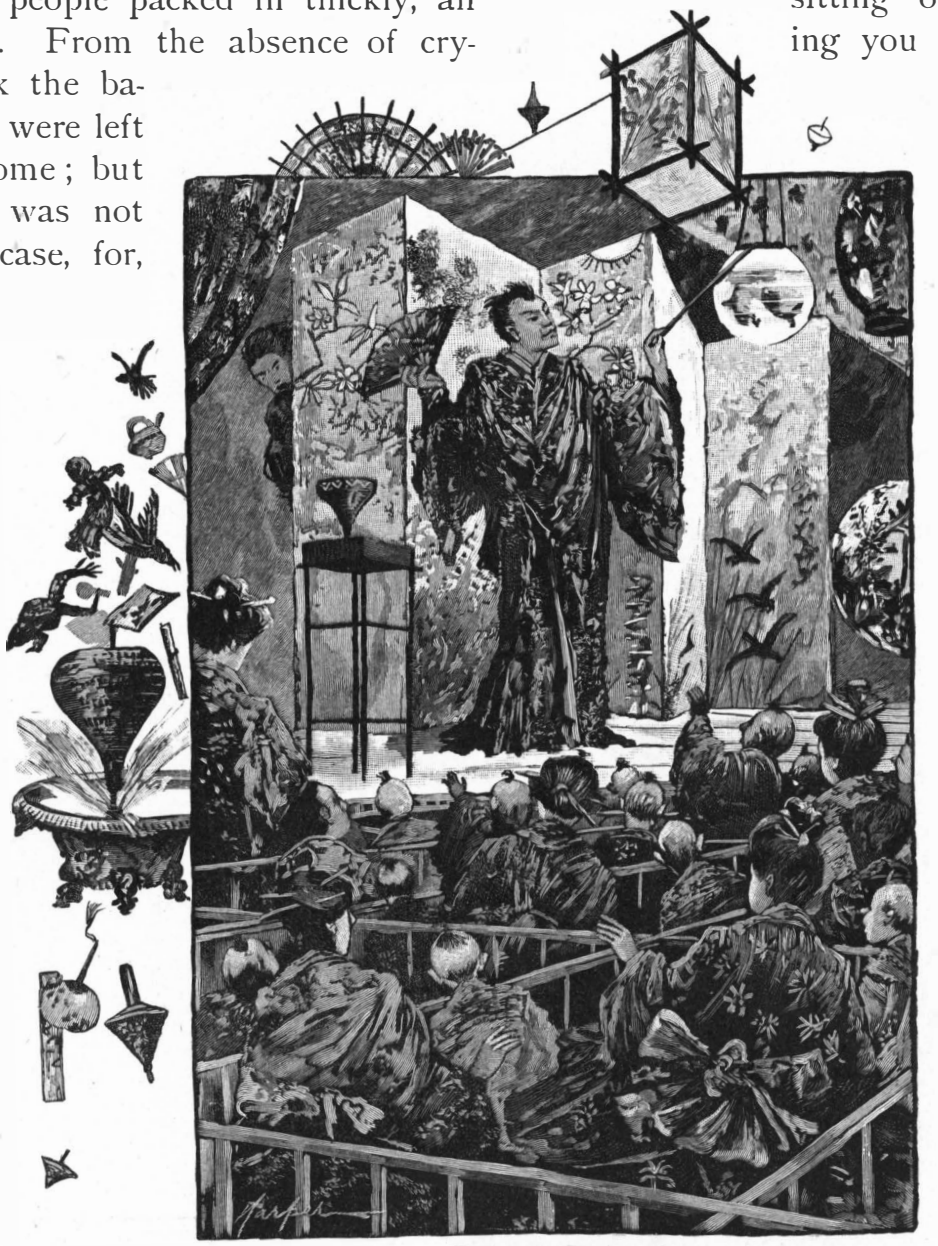
Not wherebright roses had fallen away;
Not where the Solomon's-seal loves to stray
Not in the woods where the twin-berries glow;
Not where the "wintergreens" make a bright show;

But down in the bed where a sweet perfume
Filled my lily-bells once, in their snowy bloom,
There to-day my balls of coral swung
From the self-same stems where the lilies hung.

And I heard the green leaves, whispering, say,
"Don't take *all* the treasures, in spring, away,
But leave for autumn, if ever so few,
Some pretty red balls where the lilies grew."

MY DEAR ZAY:—Last week two of us went to see a "Child's play" at the theatre. We went in at four P.M., and left at eight; but the play was still running. Each of us had a box. The boxes are in the gallery, and the gallery runs around three sides of the house. It is about four feet wide, and is divided off into squares by pieces of wood laid across at intervals. The floor is covered with matting, and on this we had

to kneel or sit on our feet. The lower part of the house was filled. The people packed in thickly, all sitting on the floor. From the absence of crying you might think the babies were left at home; but this was not the case, for,



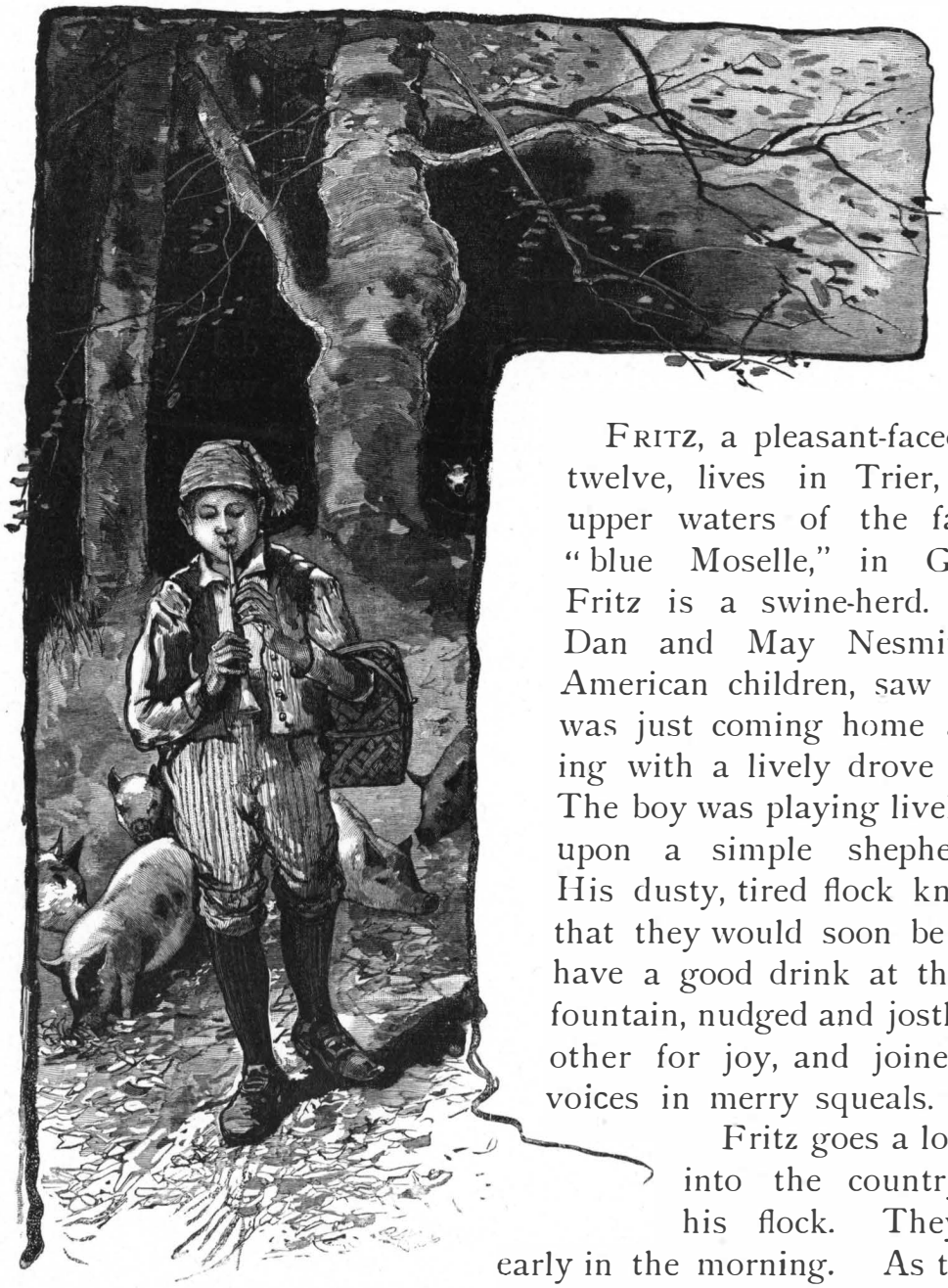
looking around, I saw very many, — from wee, tiny things, a few weeks old, up to all ages. No crying; all smiling. When the

curtain is down they eat sweetmeats; and the little things, scarcely able to toddle, get up on the stage, and then a race ensues. So they go on, shouting, mildly romping, until the signal is given, and all quiet down to order and attention.

The play was a strange one; the doings of a top, of many tops, of all sizes. They spun in cups of water, on the surface, and whirled the water all over the stage. They went up and down a cord; they travelled up inclines, rang bells, prayed in temples, disappeared in a tank of water, and the performer followed. Then we all watched curiously to see him reappear on the stage. In this we were puzzled; for, after once disappearing under the water, we did not see him again until he came in by the front entrance. He walked down the aisle to the stage, amid the shouts of the spectators.

One large top was set going and then the upper part of the top lifted off. Then followed an umbrella. Three lighted lanterns were hung to it, and a few odd articles. Then the operator drew out a live rooster, which he threw into the air. The bird lighted gracefully on the stage, walked to the front, and bobbed his head in a knowing way. Lastly he took out a lot of live fish, which he threw into a glass globe of water, where they swam around, plainly visible. He wound up by emptying the water on the stage. All these things were taken from a top not larger than a quart-measure. Much of the affair we could not understand; but the rest of the audience did, and seemed to enjoy it all greatly.

FRITZ, THE LITTLE SWINE-HERD.



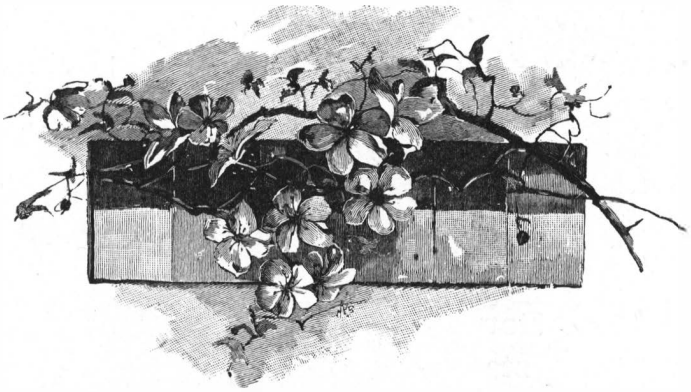
FRITZ, a pleasant-faced lad of twelve, lives in Trier, on the upper waters of the far-famed "blue Moselle," in Germany. Fritz is a swine-herd. When Dan and May Nesmith, two American children, saw him, he was just coming home at evening with a lively drove of pigs. The boy was playing lively tunes upon a simple shepherd-pipe. His dusty, tired flock knew well that they would soon be able to have a good drink at the town-fountain, nudged and jostled each other for joy, and joined their voices in merry squeals.

Fritz goes a long way into the country with his flock. They start early in the morning. As the boy walks on through the streets the

pigs come forth, each from his master's cabin-home, to join him. He plays his pipe and the grunting herd manifest great delight in each other's society. If any of them hide behind a bush, or stray from the highway, happy-hearted Fritz pipes up a livelier air. Then the frisky creatures, with many odd antics, drop into line again.

All summer long this is Fritz's business. His lunch basket is on his arm, and in it are the hard black bread and harder cheese he loves so well. He lies upon the grass under the trees, and watches his pigs. They can have no greater joy than to roam about in sweet country-places and "root" and rest. Sometimes Fritz cuts pretty things from wood, and sells them to people whom he meets on the way. Dan bought a pipe like the one Fritz plays upon. May has a small wooden box with a pig's head carved upon it, very perfectly done. She puts her three pretty rings in it at night.

Dan gave the merry swine-herd a bright red woollen cap, and if you could have seen how Fritz's face lighted up when the silver coins for pipe and box were dropped into his plump brown hands, you would have thought he had never seen so much money before. He bowed and bowed, and shook his curly head, and capered and danced about to make one laugh till tears came. Now that Dan and May are once more at home they often speak of merry Fritz of Trier, whom they met in a country far away.



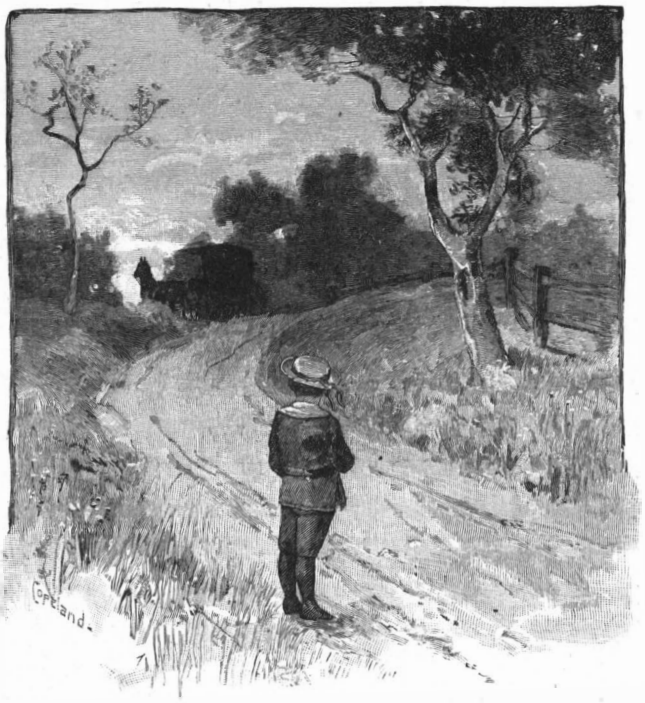
HOW NED WAS TAUGHT NOT TO CRY.

When Ned could not have what he wanted he would cry and scream. He was nearly seven years old, quite old enough to know better. One summer evening his father took him to drive. He was very good until, on the way home, he wanted to drive. His father was afraid to let him do so, because the horse was not very steady.

"Do let me," teased Ned.

"Not to-night," said his father.

Ned began to whimper, then cry, then roar. His father tried to stop him, but he only roared the louder. They drove some distance, Ned screaming all the way. His father said nothing, but suddenly he stopped the horse, lifted Ned out, put him on the side of the road, jumped back into the carriage, and drove away.



Ned's surprise was so great that he stopped crying. Did his father really mean to leave him there? He would surely come back; but he did not. Poor Ned wished he had not cried. He wanted to go home, but did not know the way. It began to grow dark. Up in the sky he saw a little star shining. He felt lonely and frightened. He did not want to stay all night at the roadside. At last he heard the noise of wheels. Perhaps his father was coming back.

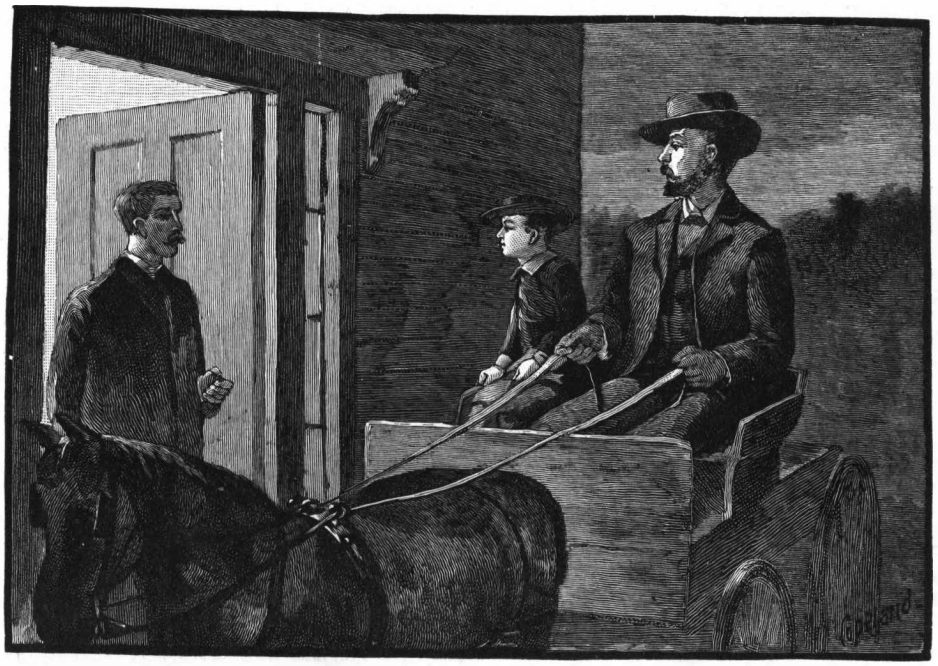
No, it was another man, in a wagon. He stopped when he saw Ned, jumped out, and came to him.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Ned.

"Why don't you go home?" added the man.

At this Ned burst into tears, and told him all about it. He was



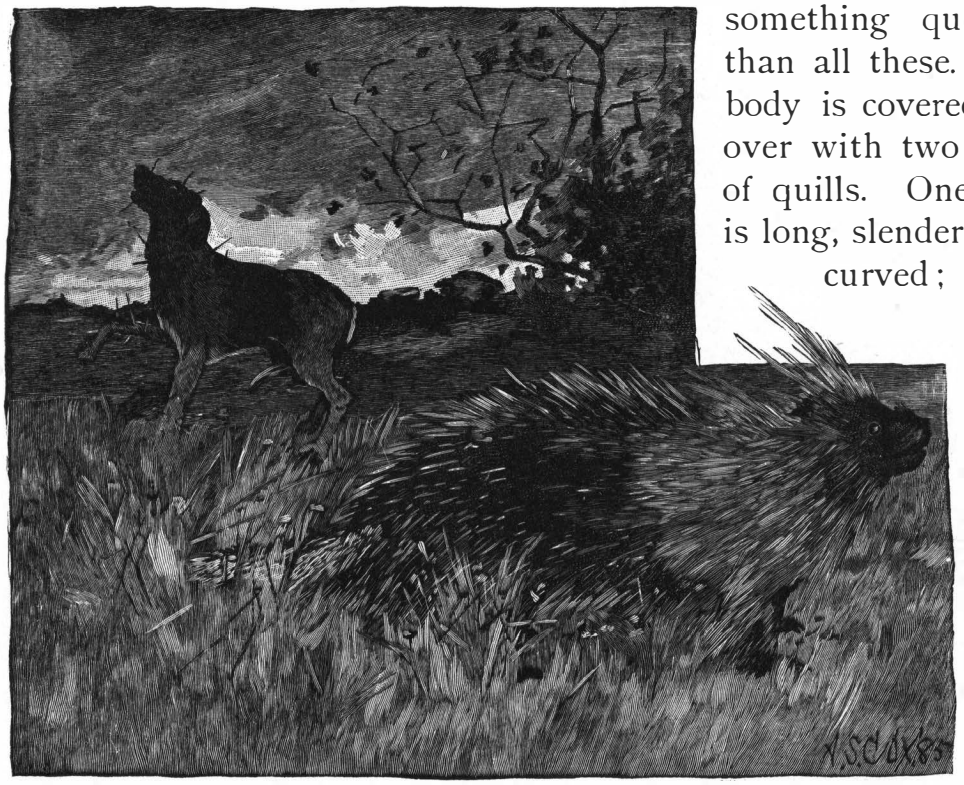
a nice man, for he said, "Get into my wagon, and I will give you a lift."

Ned climbed in, and took a seat beside the man. It was a little strange that he should drive Ned to his home without asking where he lived. It was strange, too, that when the wagon stopped, Ned's father should open the door, as if he expected him, and say, "Thank you, Mr. Smith." But it was not strange that Ned learned a lesson that night, which he never forgot.

Ned did not know until he was a big boy that his father had sent the man to bring him home.

THE PORCUPINE'S QUILLS.

EVERY animal has an instrument of defence. Some have claws, some hoofs, some spurs and beaks, some powerful teeth and stings. The porcupine has something queerer than all these. Its body is covered all over with two sets of quills. One set is long, slender, and curved; the



other, short and straight, very stout, and with sharp points.

Whenever the porcupine is chased by any animal, and finds he cannot get out of the way, he just stops and bristles up all his quills. Then he backs quickly upon the animal, so that the short, sharp quills may stick into the body. If any happen to be a little loose, they stick so fast in the flesh, like an arrow, that they often make a very bad wound. Remember this whenever you come in the way of the porcupine.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S MISTAKE.

"CHARLIE," said Aunt Jennie, "you open the door, if the bell rings, for Bridget is going out." Charlie said he would, and went on playing that he was a newsboy selling papers, until he had nearly sold out. Grandma was his best customer. She always bought a good many, and paid him in kisses, sugar-plums, and mittens, and long knitted reins for his stage-coach, and all sorts of

things that Charlie liked and needed.

At length ting-a-ling-a-ling went the bell. It rang very quick, as though somebody was in a hurry.

"Run, dear," said grandma; "I think it's the music-teacher, come to give auntie her lesson."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and quickly opened the door.

There stood a very little man, with his coat-collar turned up; for it was a cold winter's day. He had a pair of black, shining eyes looking out from under a big fur cap. He wore a great deal of long hair hanging about his face. The little man was an odd-looking figure anybody would have said.

Before he had time to speak Charlie exclaimed: —

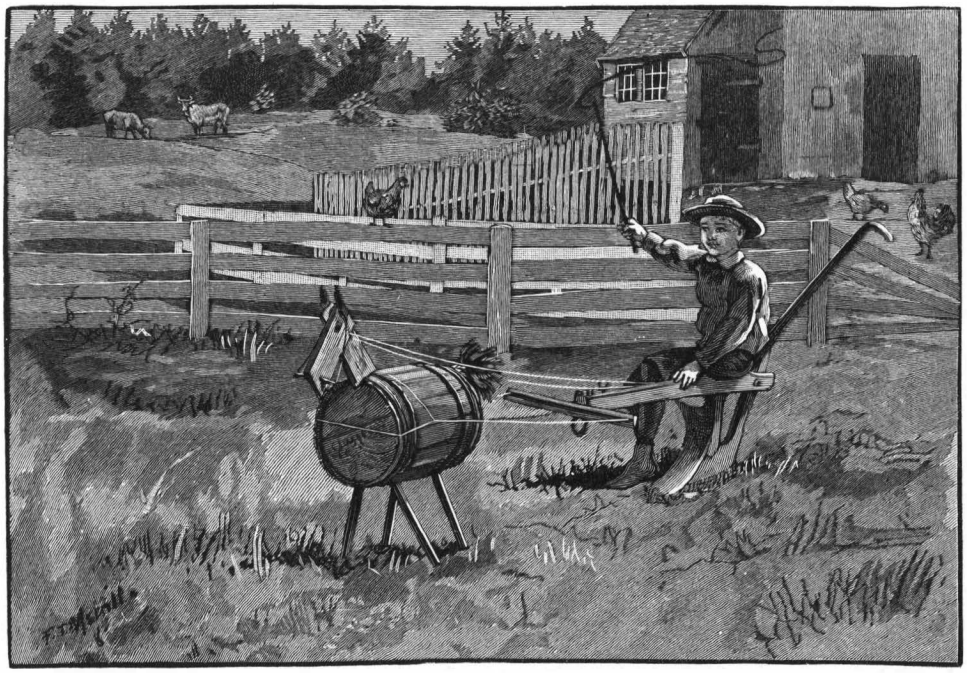
"'Tis!— 'tis!" drawing in his breath, and backing away from the door, — "it's a monkey!" And he fled, leaving the little man to take care of himself, and laugh heartily.

Aunt Jennie came down the stairs, and explained that little Charlie was afraid of monkeys, and often fancied he saw one. But the music-teacher soon made friends with him. Now when he rings Charlie does not run away.

MORTON'S HORSE.

THERE lives for two or three months every summer, on a farm, away from any neighbors, a little boy named Morton.

He is a contented little fellow, and knows how to make his own enjoyments, so that he is never lonesome. He thinks his father

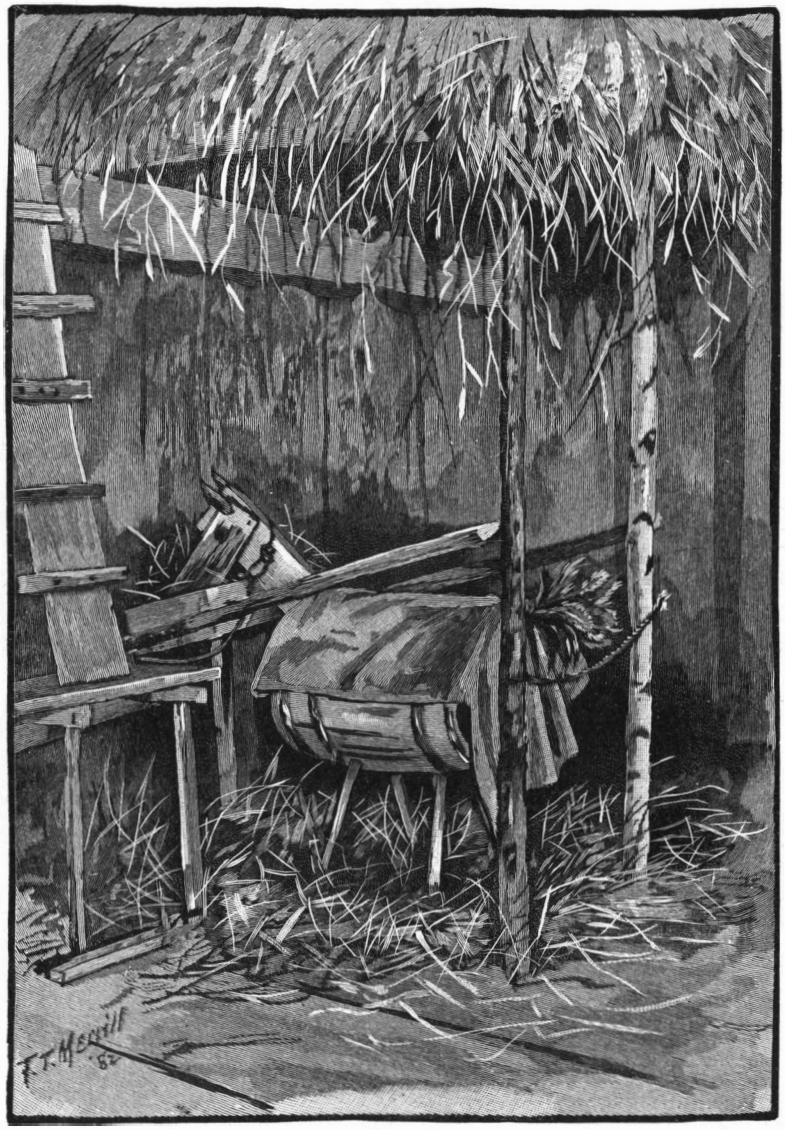


is as good as half-a-dozen boys. To do what a grown-up man does is always a great pleasure to a boy of eight.

Morton has his little garden, like his father's big one. He raises corn, peas, and beans. He has his own little workshop, in which he can saw and pound to his heart's content.

He is always ready to drive the cow home, feed the hens, and help take care of the horses. Of course, being a boy, he wanted a horse for his own, that he could harness and drive. As he couldn't get one any other way he thought he would make one.

In the first place he took an old nail-keg and bored four holes, in which he stuck the legs, made of broom-handles. There was the body complete. Now a horse must have a head; so next a piece of a clapboard was nailed on one end of the barrel for the neck, and a piece on the end of that, pointing down, for the head. Two small pieces of leather tacked on for ears, two eyes painted in black, and a tail made of an old feather-duster, made a very good-looking horse.



A horse must have something more than good looks to be of much value to its owner. As he was not a fast horse Morton decided that he must draw the plough. A harness of twine was made, and he was driven out to the field.

He proved to be very steady and patient. He never did anything worse than to lose his head off, and such a good creature

deserved to be well taken care of. Morton made a stall in the corner of the barn, and nailed up an old starch-box for a manger, filling it with oats and hay.

Above it was the little scaffold. It was full, and showed very plainly that the little farmer had a good grass-crop that year.

Every night, when the tired horse was brought in, he was covered with a bright red blanket, and tied in the stall, which had been nicely bedded down for him.

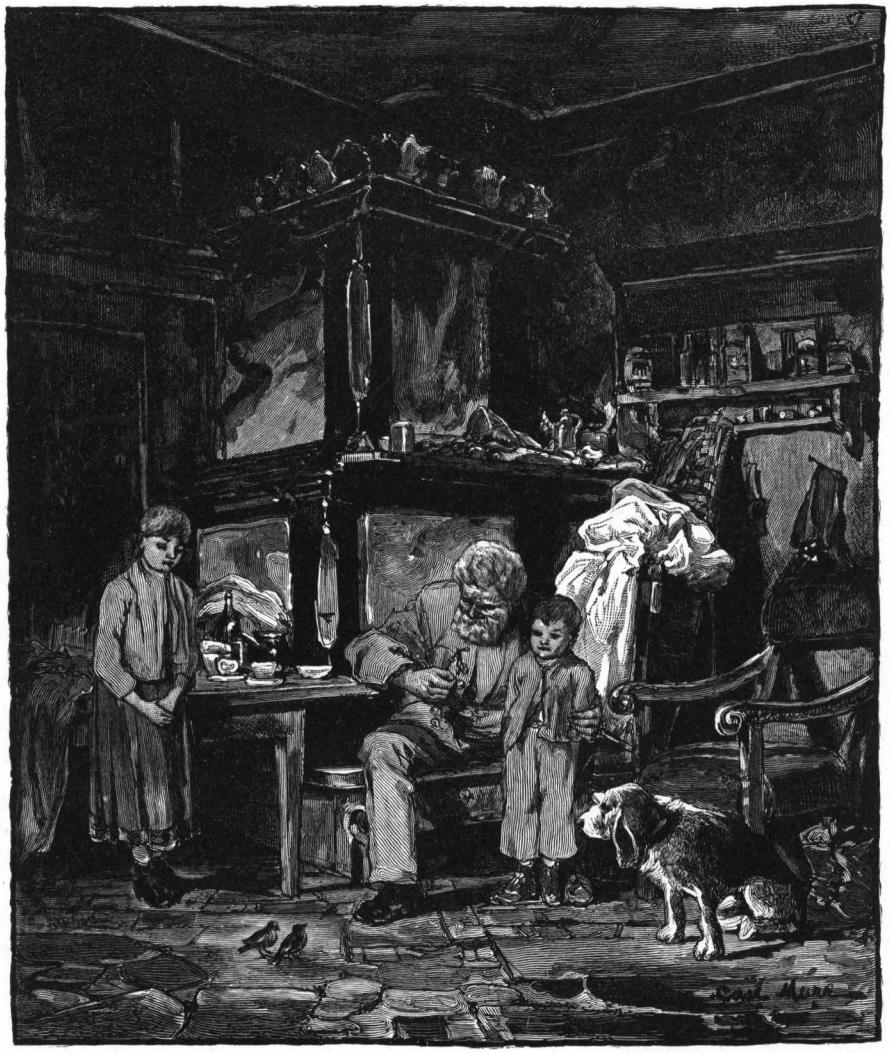
THE WELCOME GUEST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ONE day a farmer who lived away over the ocean in Germany, on the edge of a forest, saw a little robin redbreast fly to the window of his cottage. The bird looked around as if he wanted to be let in. It was a cold day in winter. The farmer opened the window and gladly took the trusting little bird into his dwelling.

It soon began to pick up the crumbs under the table. The children, Hans and Bertha, loved birds, and took care of little Robin. They gave him bread and water through all the winter days. When spring came and the trees began to grow green, Robin was restless in his cage. The kind farmer let him out, and opened the window. Away flew the little guest into the forest, singing a joyous song.

When the days grew cold again and snow covered the ground Robin came back to the cottage. He was not alone this time, but brought his little mate. The children and their father were happy



to see them. The two robins looked out of their bright eyes so pleased that Hans and Bertha cried, "They look at us as if they wanted to say something." Their father said, "If they could speak they would say, 'We trusted you, and you were kind to us. You loved us, and we love you.'"

UNCLE JOHN'S PIPE.

WILLIE BELL'S papa did not smoke, and there were no big brothers in the house to use tobacco. So Willie was six years old before he knew much about it.

At that time his Uncle John came to live with them, and he was a great smoker. He had a long, beautiful pipe, and every evening he would have a smoke from it. Willie admired it greatly. He would watch the smoke as it curled from Uncle John's lips, and he would say, "Just wait till I'm a man, and I'm going to smoke too."

One day his mother went away and left Willie with the house-girl. After playing around awhile he went upstairs, into Uncle John's room. On the mantel lay the pretty pipe. He took it in his hands and looked it over and over. Then he thought he would play that he was smoking, like Uncle John. He put the pipe in his mouth and gave one puff. Oh, what a mean taste! But then Uncle John did not care for that, and Willie thought he must not. He puffed away for some time. Pretty soon he began to have a strange feeling come over him, and he went downstairs.

When his mother came she wondered why Willie did not run to meet her. But she found him on the sofa, so pale and sick that she was very much frightened. She took him in her arms, and bent

over to kiss the pale lips. She started back, and said, "Why, Willie, what have you been doing with tobacco?"

Willie hesitated a moment, and then he told his mother all about his smoke. She told him it was the smoking that made him so sick. For several hours Willie was quite ill. But the next morning he said to his mamma, "I have changed my mind about smoking. I will never, never smoke when I'm a man. I don't see how Uncle John can like anything so mean as tobacco."

After that when Uncle John smoked he had to listen to a little lecture from Willie on using tobacco. In turn he would always laugh at Willie's attempt at smoking.

THE day was very dark. Little Meta was lonely, for her mamma was out. She was wondering what to do, when who should come in but Miss Louise!

Miss Louise was a young German lady, so pleasant and kind that every one loved her. She knew many pretty stories. She had travelled in many countries, and she always had something new or bright to tell children.

"O dear Miss Louise!" cried Meta, running to her, "please amuse me!"

The young lady thought for a moment, and then she said, "Did you ever hear the bells of Cologne?"

"Why, of course not," replied the little girl. "But I have seen a picture of the Cologne Cathedral in my papa's Rhine album. My mamma has some Cologne-water in a big bottle."

Miss Louise laughed. "Wait two minutes," she said. "Be very patient, and when I come back you shall hear the bells of Cologne."

She left the room, and soon returned with a large silver table-spoon. Then she took a piece of cord about a yard long and tied it in the middle in a hard knot, around the slim part of the handle. She turned up the cloth so that the edge of the table was exposed.

She next asked the wondering Meta to hold out her two forefingers; around these she wound the ends of the cord.

"Now put those two fingers in your ears," she said, "and swing the spoon so that the bowl will strike the edge of the table."

Meta obeyed. "Oh, bells! she cried, — "beautiful, deep-sounding church-bells! How wonderful and sweet! O Miss Louise!"

Meta liked it so well that she would have gone on swinging the spoon for an hour, but her friend stopped her after a few moments. Meta ran off to get the Rhine album to show the picture of the Cologne Cathedral. Miss Louise related many curious and interesting things about it, so that the afternoon passed off very quickly. When the young lady went away it was time to get dressed for tea.

"I fear my little girl has had a dull time of it," said her mamma, when she came in from her long drive; "it has been such a gloomy day."

"Oh, no, mamma! Miss Louise came. She's as good — or 'most as good — as sunlight. After tea, if you'll let me, I'll show you and papa what she showed me, — how to hear the bells of Cologne. May I?"

"Certainly, my pet."

But Meta couldn't wait until after tea. When they sat down at the table the sight of the spoons made her so impatient that her papa and mamma thought she had better get it off her mind. So she showed them then, and they were both delighted with the bells of Cologne.

A THREE-MULE COACH.

THREE mules harnessed abreast to a coach. Where do they do it? In some countries of Europe they drive horses and mules in this way. The people of Mexico would laugh to see horses driven in pairs, or one ahead of another, because it is not their custom.

It was in a country called Yucatan that I travelled in this manner. Yucatan is far south of the United States, and is a portion of Mexico. The land is low and flat, like a great, broad table of coral rock. It is very hot there.

Being so hot by day, people travel by night, when it is cool. The roads are dusty, but you don't mind the dust so much at night. I hired a driver, and this coach with three mules, to take me forty miles from the city I was living in, to a hacienda. This is a Spanish word, meaning an estate or farm.

As you may know already, a large part of America was once owned by Indians. The first people who visited them were the Spaniards. They were not willing the Indians should have so much good land, and so they took it away from them. Then the Indians had nothing to do, and the Spaniards set them to work. They worked so hard that nearly all of them died.

Why did the Indians allow them to make slaves of them? Because the white men were stronger than they, and had guns, powder, armor, swords, and cannon. The poor Indians had nothing better than bows and arrows. Little by little the white men from Spain took the best part of America. But they have lost nearly all again, for they are not so strong as they were. They own only two

islands now, in America. These are Cuba and Porto Rico. But, in the countries they once conquered, the people speak Spanish. Even the Indians, most of them, have forgotten their own language, and speak Spanish. This is the reason why we find large estates in Yucatan and Mexico called haciendas, and small farms called ranchos.

The estate I visited was very large. Its owner had forty square miles of land. This was planted with only one kind of plant. For miles and miles you could see nothing else. A great sea of green was spread out on every side.

What do you suppose was so profitable in Yucatan that they planted nothing else? It was not wheat, or barley, or oats, or even corn, though corn will grow there. It was the hemp plant. The soil is so poor that few other things will grow there. But the hemp plant is at home here.

From hemp is taken a fibre from which twine and ropes can be made. This fibre is cleaned, and packed in bales, and sent by steamer to New York. There it is bought by the merchants and sold by them to the rope-makers. Perhaps this very fibre, after

having been twisted into ropes, may visit the land of its birth again. Thus the world is kept moving. We buy of other people what we need, and send them our products in payment.

HOW SALLIE SCOURED THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL.

ONE day grandma said to Sallie, "Dinah's little girl is here. Can't you show her your dolls?"

Sallie was glad to have a little girl to play with.

Pretty soon she came back and said, "Why, grandma, she's black!"

"Well," said grandma, "she's a good little girl."

"But I'm afraid of her," said Sallie, "she's so black."

"But Dinah's black."

"Dinah's a grown-up woman," said Sallie. "I didn't know that little girls were black."

"She is as well-behaved as if she were white," said grandma, "and you can have a nice time playing."

So the two children went to Sallie's room, where the dolls were.

"My name's Sallie; what's yours?" asked the white girl.

"Marionette," said the little black girl.

Then they began to play house; but Sallie suddenly said, "What makes you black?"

"I don't know," said Marionette.

"Won't it come off if you wash it?"

"No," said Marionette.

"Did you ever try soap and sand?" asked Sallie.

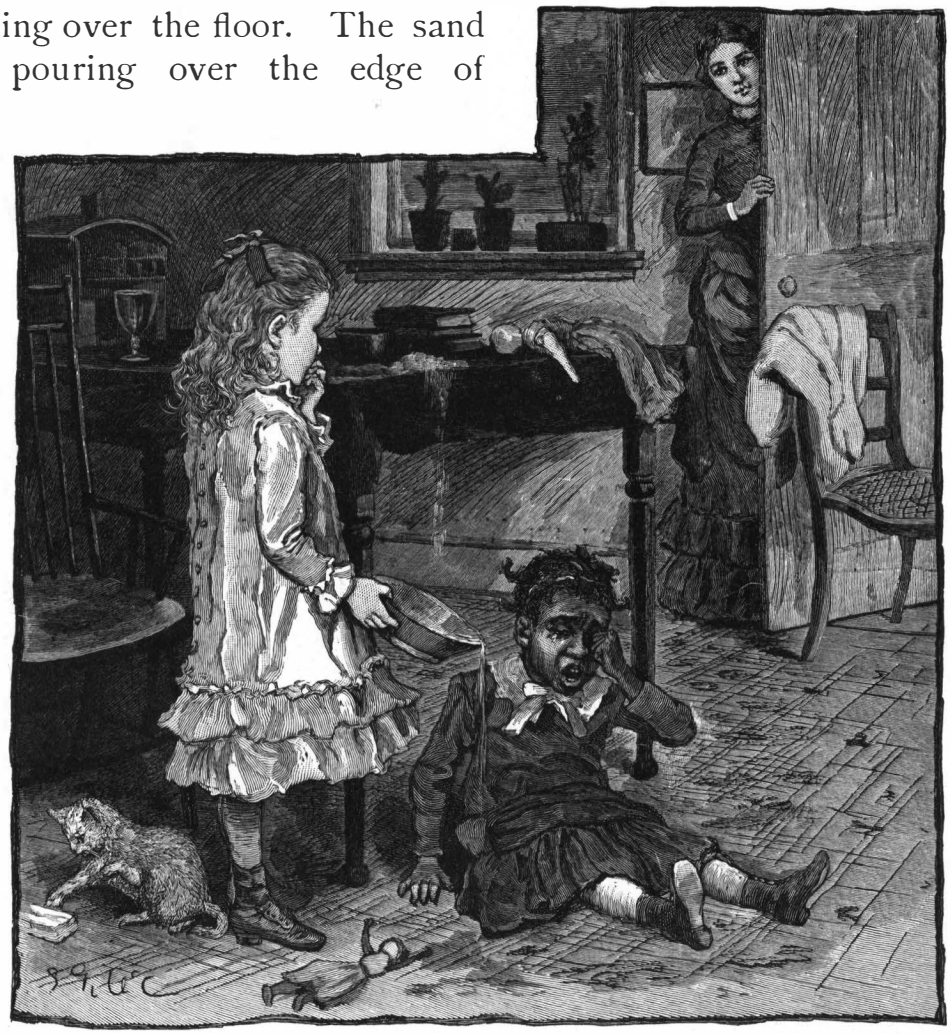
"No," said Marionette.

"Then let's try," added Sallie. She brought a basin of water and some soap and sand and began to rub Marionette's hand.

"I guess I'll try your face," she said, after a while.

Marionette was a little afraid in the strange house, and had not dared to cry; but now the soap got into her eyes and the sand into her mouth, and she began to scream with all her might.

"What are those children doing?" said grandma to Dinah; and they both ran upstairs. There was Marionette, crying as loud as she could cry; and there was Sallie, looking as frightened as Marionette, for she had not meant to hurt her. She held the basin in one hand, and the water was running over the floor. The sand was pouring over the edge of



the table, and the kitten was playing with the soap. Grandma told Sallie that Marionette's skin was made black; she could not make it white any more than she could make her own black.

Sallie often laughs about scouring the little black girl; for this is a true story, and Sallie is now a grown-up woman.